SRL'S GUIDE TO BOOKS ON BUSINESS

Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXXII No. 4 JANUARY 22, 1949

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Max Ascoli, author of "The Power of Freedom." (See page 12)

Do We Know the Chinese?

By WITTER BYNNER

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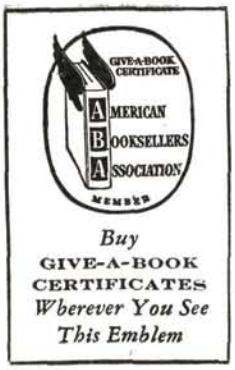

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TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

• • In London, Evelyn Waugh declared, "It is almost impossible for a man to live the good life in America," but admitted in the next breath that he would be back this month for a series of lectures at $550 each. Other tales of Waugh about our fair country: "They heat rooms to seventy-five degrees, then nail the windows down so that you suffocate. They chew colored bubble gum. Their radios are on all day. And they talk too much."

• • In a studio at Radio City, Carl Sandburg told Mary Margaret McBride that "Remembrance Rock" had been in his blood for a long time, and that when Thomas Wolfe, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Ross Lockridge, Jr., all had died before they could complete their story of the American people, he thought he'd have a go at it. He aimed a few special barbs at "certain critics who judged 'Remembrance Rock' by weight and not by content."

• • In New York, bookmen mourned the passing of Nelson Doubleday, second important publisher to die within two months.

• • In La Guardia Airport, a copy of "The Life of Harry Truman" was displayed with a sign proclaiming "Was 19 Cents, Now $3."

• • In the *Herald Tribune* "Books" office, Lisle Bell's enthusiastic review of the new H. Allen Smith book, "Larks in the Popcorn" (a jolly tale of bucolic existence in the Westchester hills), was okayed and sent to the compositor. His heading, however, wound up on the cutting-room floor. It read, "Mr. Smith Wets His Plants."

• • In Providence, a lady walked into Mrs. Ben Clough's Book Shop and inquired, "May I use your phone?" "Is it about a book?" countered Mrs. Clough. "It certainly is," said the lady. She dialed the number, and then shouted into the mouthpiece, "Hello, my dear. Does Richard want a book or a camera for his birthday? A camera? Good! I'll buy him one at Liggett's."

• • In Paris, two American veterans, T. G. Hoetis and A. Benveniste, are about to unveil issue number one of *Zero*, the first postwar quarterly magazine in English to be published in France. The plan is to feature stories, poems, and photographs by unknown expatriate Americans, but the February issue will contain pieces by Richard Wright and Christopher Isherwood as insurance. *Zero*'s address is 29 Rue Jacob, Paris 6.

• • In America, the most ambitious magazine project on the horizon is *Nation's Heritage*, sponsored by the Forbes Company. The first issue weighs over six pounds, has 220 pages (most of them in blazing color)—and sells for $30! A year's subscription (six issues) is $150. Another newcomer—still in the blueprint stage—is *Carousel*, sponsored by Julian Bach, Jr. (formerly of *Life*) and Sidney Carroll (formerly of *Esquire* and *Coronet*). They state:

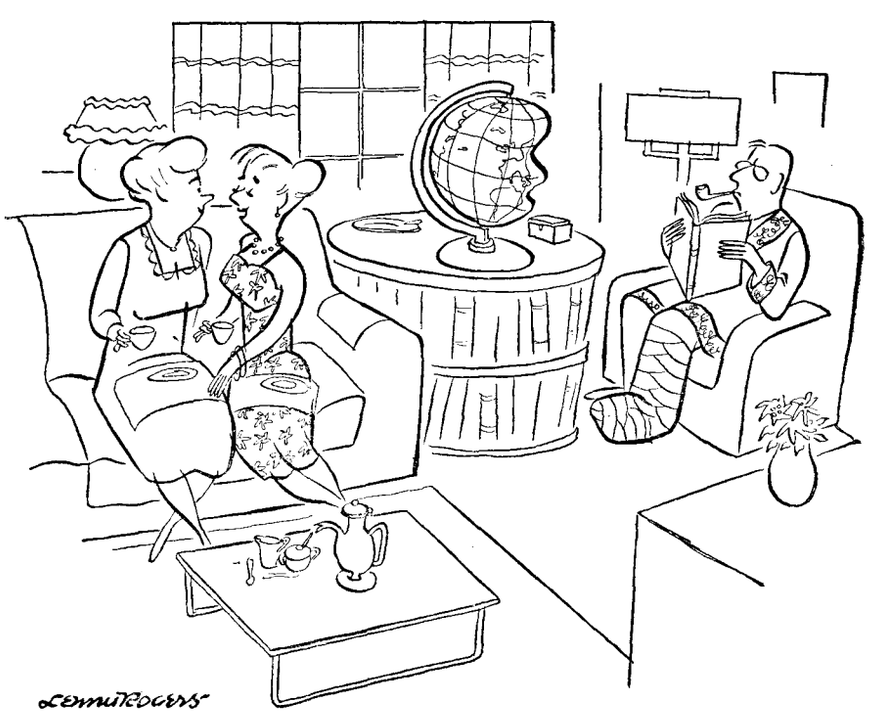
> *Carousel* will offer the consumer the greatest and latest achievements of people of talent in *all* the arts—fiction, photography, music, radio, painting, theatre, films, books, design, etc.—and do this at the phenomenally low subscription rate of between two and three dollars a year. *Carousel* will seek to add a new dimension in contemporary journalism by *giving* the reader some of the material he is being told about. The Sample Issue, for instance, contains a chapter from James Ramsey Ullman's new book, "River of the Sun," which is printed on book stock and inserted into the magazine—a photo-essay on Edison's invention of the movie camera—the latest Abner Dean-Gjon Mili's photographic folio—fiction by Graham Greene. And when *Carousel* pays tribute to George Herriman and his "Krazy Kat," the magazine changes to newsprint and reproduces some of the best strips just as they appeared. . . .

Despite current chaotic conditions in the magazine world, Bach and Carroll are brimming with confidence. By commencing as a bi-monthly, they hope to get by on a stake of $800,000. Interested parties are shown a dummy of *Carousel* on a model stage, equipped with genuine footlights, in a presentation that dwarfs even the efforts of that arch-promoter, Felix Tomei, of the *Chicago Tribune*.

• • In London, George Bernard Shaw, asked to contribute a mite of cheer for a Christmas symposium, delivered himself of the following:

"Christmas is for me simply a nuisance. The mob supports it as a carnival of mendacity, gluttony, and drunkenness. Fifty years ago I invented a Society for the Abolition of Christmas. So far I am the only member. That is all I have to say on the subject."

• • In Schulte's Bookshop on Fourth Avenue, Harry Hansen came upon his old friend Philip Pesky, the manager. Pesky was engrossed in conversation with a customer. Hansen walked up



"Mitchell got mad at Russia again yesterday."

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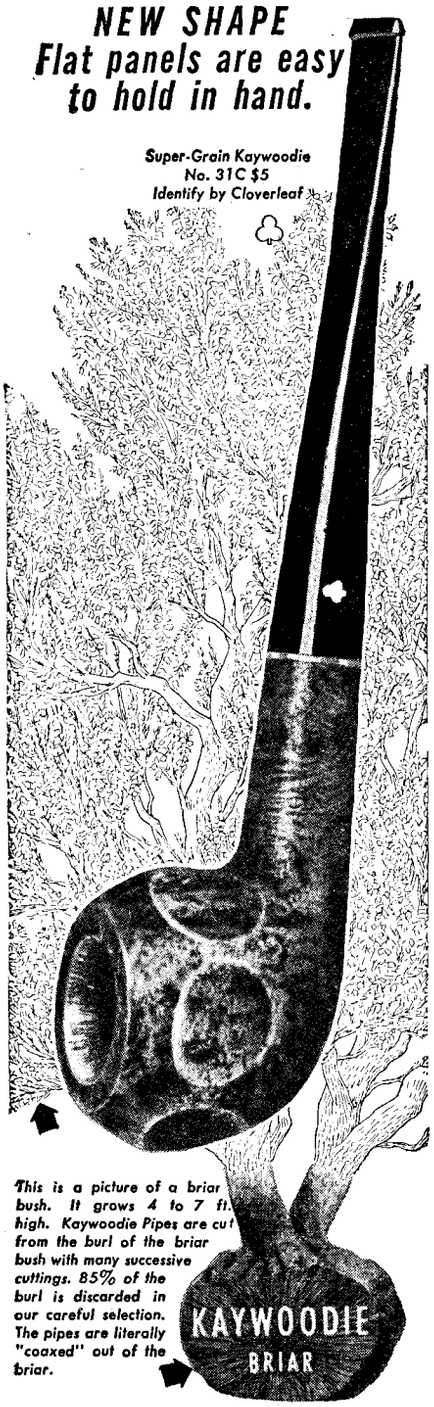

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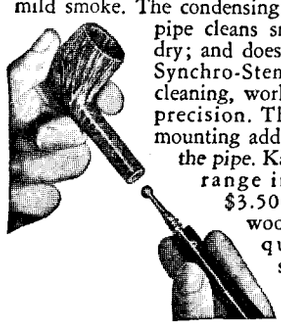

behind him and inquired casually, "Do you happen to have a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare in stock?" Without turning his head, Pesky snapped, "Have you looked on our ten-cent counter?"

• • In Aberdeen, Captain Ralph E. Peasley, intrepid seafarer and the prototype for Peter B. Kyne's famous "Cappy Ricks," died with his boots on at eighty-three.

• • In Boston, Houghton Mifflin announced with justifiable pride that they have annexed for their list that ace whodunit specialist, Raymond Chandler. First effort under his new imprint, due later in the year, is called "The Little Sister," and continues the adventures of the indestructible Philip Marlowe.

• • In Garden City, Laura Orford, of Doubleday, planned her marriage on February 25 to Milton Runyon, president of the Literary Guild.

• • In White Plains, a firm called Smith & Haas incorporated for $25,000. They're plumbers.

• • In New York, Marion Humble, formerly executive secretary of the National Association of Book Publishers, has embarked upon a history of E. P. Dutton, to be published in 1952, when the firm celebrates its centennial.

• • In Lindy's Broadway restaurant, books by regular customers like Billy Rose and Ed Wiener have been put on sale at the cashier's desk. John S. Wilson asked the cashier, "What's your best seller this week?" The cashier's unhesitating reply was "Our cheesecake."

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS. . . . . MGM is planning an elaborate technicolor remake of "Quo Vadis?" A rival entrepreneur endorsed the project but inquired, "Who do you think they'll get to play Quo?" . . . Victor Mature reports that he is owned by Twentieth Century-Fox "lock, stock, and Darryl." . . . The Milwaukee Public Library has its own Beverly Hills—

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and she's in charge of the library's film center! . . . Frank Taylor, late of Publishers' Row and now being groomed for big things at Metro, has received his first producer assignment. It's a picture called "Murder at Harvard," which employs as background the Crime Laboratory at the Harvard Medical School. Taylor will spend the next eight weeks in Boston selecting locations and shooting exterior scenes.

Hollywood has finally gotten round to Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga," and seriously proposes casting Errol Flynn as strait-laced Soames Forsyte and Walter Pidgeon as Jolyon. What, no parts for Abbott and Costello? . . . Another novel slated for screen treatment is Albert Camus' "The Plague," which will present problems comparable to those encountered by Paramount some years ago when Faulkner's "Sanctuary" actually was made into a picture under the title of "The Story of Temple Drake." (What a performance Miriam Hopkins, one of the best actresses in the business, gave in the title role!) . . . Wilshire Boulevard's favorite Mr. Malaprop is quoted as enthusing, "My new picture is going like wildflower," not to mention, "I guess I'll hit the hay while the sun shines." . . . A proud mother in the Catskills told her friend, "My son writes from the Coast that he's going to marry one of those Goldwyn girls." "Congratulations," beamed the friend. "It's a very wealthy family." . . .

Nunnally Johnson writes, "The day I first arrived in the film colony fifteen years ago, I was startled by a story in the *Hollywood Reporter* that I quote complete: 'Henry B. Walthall has been signed by Fox for the district attorney in Dante's "Inferno".' Right then I knew I was going to fit into the place." —BENNETT CERF.

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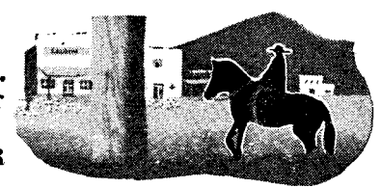

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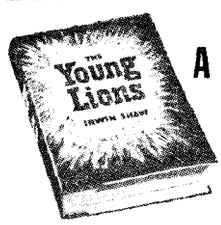

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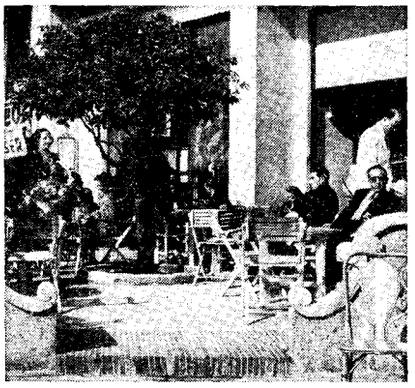

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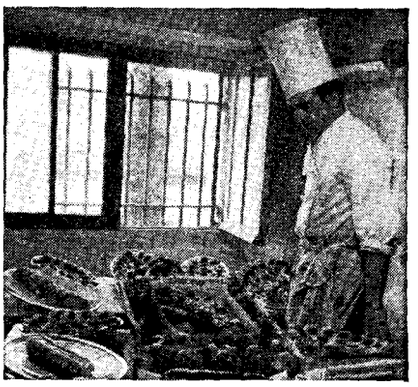

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Do We Know the Chinese?

WITTER BYNNER

—Willard Hough.
Witter Bynner

AS A BOY, I knew nothing about the Chinese other than that they were "Chinks," a more menial race than even Micks or Dagoes, that they were mostly laundrymen who wore pigtails, pushed wooden balls across framed wires, and gave out red tickets with black marks on them, were gibbering heathen (even worse than Catholics; I was bred near Boston), who spat on clothes to wet them for ironing, and who ate rats. Once I joined a juvenile gang which threw stones at laundry windows and then fled the monsters in holy terror. College likewise taught me nothing of the Orient, though there was Lafcadio Hearn, and there was "Madam Butterfly"; but gradually through the next fifteen years I came to know, or to think that I knew, a little about Japan, not only because they had long been experts at wood-block printing but because they were beginning to be experts at propaganda. It was not until 1917 that I had my initial glimpse of the two countries.

At first sight Japan bore out all that the prints had mirrored and that Lafcadio Hearn had written. It was a beautiful garden, tended by a race of perfectionists. Not only was there every evidence of loving respect for nature, crowds swarming to see cherry blossoms as we surged to see baseball games, great trees laboriously moved to better vantage by singing workmen with countless ropes and endless patience, plants and flowers tenderly and exquisitely shaped and trained, not only the clean beauty of the land, not only the clean charm and meticulous courtesy of the people: nowhere else had I seen so much appearance of loving respect for mankind, or what we call Christian living, of men seeming to treat their neighbors as themselves.

Later in Korea I became cognizant of the treatment Japanese accord people whom they do not consider their neighbors. However much they had tidied Korea, they had tidied it for themselves, for their own advantage, as is the way of Empire; and they were treating Koreans with sickening brutality. At the Seoul museum priceless celadon vases showed in repair the slashes with which Japanese swords had beheaded them, as with other instruments art-loving Nipponese had after Boxer times beheaded many stone Buddhas on a stupa at the Yellow Temple near Peking. It was later, I believe, that they burned the Royal Palace in Seoul to remove reminder of Korean sovereignty and that they opiumized and debauched the heir-apparent. They had already appropriated all lucrative business, and in every way they were disdaining and flouting the conquered race. My Japanese ricsha-boy in Seoul (even such minor occupations had been taken away from the natives) suddenly stopped, set down the shafts of the ricsha, and running thirty or forty feet ahead planted, for no reason but general contempt, a swift hard kick on the rump of a well-dressed elderly Korean who was crossing the square. Having knocked down the Korean, the Japanese returned to a job from which some other Korean had been kicked out and looked back at me over his shoulder with a grin of high satisfaction. A Japanese policeman smiled too.

UNHAPPILY, the Nipponese, like the Teutons, regard themselves as a chosen people and reserve their good behavior for use toward their own

—From "China in Black and White."
"Mass Meeting."

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breed. Major Compton Pakenham has recalled an incident of his boyhood in Japan concerning Prince Fuminaro Konoye, who became Premier in 1937. The Prince had stolen an Irish setter belonging to young Compton and had stoutly denied taking it. When the theft was proved, the apologetic Japanese explanation of falsehood was the mother's teaching, "To misstate to a foreigner is not to lie." We have been assured, though, that Japanese industrialists and militarists exploit and impoverish their own people—that the decency one sees from man to man is only inside a class, and at that the humbler class.

Proceeding from Japan to China, one felt at first like proceeding from a proper bathtub into an open battering ocean. In China, which the later converted Arthur Davison Ficke had described, when he crossed to it from Japan in his boyhood, as "a vast, dirty, dreary, savage waste," one met no effect of sweetened order, no populace of model charm. Instead one entered a sprawling land, enormous and unkempt, and with a motley multitude of individuals who often seemed to one wilful, wayward, wicked, and yet usually warm and wise. But whether smiling rascals or dialectical scholars, they felt known to an American, kin to him. They could laugh with him from kindred bowels of amusement, whereas the Japanese titter had been from a nervous cerebral guess. He could be comfortable with them, whereas in Japan he had tried to be correct and had had misgivings.

On slight acquaintance with people or at a distance from them, one tends, I grant, to generalize about them—to idealize or the opposite. Persons who have been recently in the Orient know well that government officials and many others in China are no nearer the angels than are similar individuals anywhere. The Chinese are not all good nor the Japanese all bad. But underlying the individual deviations and temporary fluctuations, it is the basic spirit of a people which counts and endures. And I could quote agreement from many observers far more seasoned than I that, in contrast to the Japanese with their herd-instinct and their blind obedience to discipline, the Chinese, though proudly revering family and tradition, are primarily democratic individuals, many of whose faults are in the long run their virtues.

So are we Americans democratic individuals. The Chinese twenty-five years ago preferred commercial dealings with the British rather than with us. Whatever the personal and social attitude of the British, they were commercially punctilious, men of their word, as some of us were not.

—*From "China in Black and White."*

"Native Dance in Sikang Province."

Chinese used to complain to me that the filling of their orders from America was often slipshod and inaccurate or indifferent: not the width of goods they had ordered, four-tine forks instead of three, and so on. We knew better than they what they wanted. And so it is today, I am told, in Central and South America, while we wonder why the British find an inside course. For all our technical skill, our psychology in business is inferior. An advertising campaign for a North American soft drink imported recently into Argentina bade the dapper citizens of Buenos Aires to "drink it out of the bottle," and the reaction was not favorable. But on deeper ground than business our faults are in the long run our virtues; and in spite of our racial conceit, our commercial inefficiency, and our infernal bad manners, we win personally in China with an easy-going amiability as democratic individuals.

AS TO Chinese individualism, I remember seeing a crowd in Hangchow ringed around a wall against which a woman crouched, with a man beating her. And while he wielded his stick, not a person in the crowd moved or spoke. Through an interpreter I asked why they did not interfere. "Because," answered a grave-looking fellow, "he may be right." As to Chinese respect for "family and tradition," I need not dwell on their love of children or on their deep-rooted reverence for age. The Japanese, equally or even more tender toward children, appeared to me tenderer toward age in a tree than in a person. Caste, rather than the wisdom of maturity, wins their deference; whereas, for the Chinese, caste varies only according to individual distinction. Age, on the other hand, is a dignity which comes to anyone who lives. Not even death can interfere with it, much less birth. When told that I am over sixty, a polite American will say to me, "You barely look fifty." When told that I was under forty, many a polite Chinese said to me, "You look fully fifty." The intent to be courteous is the same, the accent of the courtesy is different.

A Chinese custom strange to us, and connected with veneration of age, is ancestor-worship. And yet when we of the West inherit good qualities from a worthy forbear, we quite naturally venerate that forbear and try to keep his good qualities alive in ourselves. When we inherit unfortunate qualities from a weak forbear, we instinctively or deliberately try to offset them with increased consciousness of inheritance from stronger kin. Or else, even if we do not think of it just this way, we sometimes try in our own lives to propitiate the bad influence of a weak forbear by understanding him and, as his life goes on in us, to give him a wiser and a happier time. In either case, when we do our best to continue good inheritance and to bequeath it to descendants or when we understand poor inheritance and do our best to better it through comprehensive advantage, we are tending to make of o u r s e l v e s ancestors worthy of worship by our children in a sort of rational immortality. Deploring my bachelorhood, a young Chinese friend asked, "If you have no children, who are you?"—meaning, "What becomes of your existence?"

No, an American visitor to the Orient does not r e m e m b e r the Chinese as a race fundamentally different from us, strange, alien, or veneered like many Japanese with a lacquer he cannot scrape through to the natural wood, but as human beings very much like himself. He learns a difference between Japanese gaiety and Chinese content, Japanese veneer and Chinese bark, Japanese form and Chinese reality.

And yet, long before blindness of war supervened, we had been cursory and supercilious toward Japanese beliefs and customs. We had not appreciated the simple dignity of the great Shinto temple at Ise, burned down and rebuilt every twenty years to remind men that they might overvalue the work of their hands. Arrogant though any race may be which exclusively assumes divine origin, or is taught so to assume it, Japanese reverence for the wonder of existence was a deeply beautiful spirit as I felt it in that great bare log cabin with no trappings or fittings save the

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The People Who Run America

JONATHAN DANIELS

THEY roused him at Rock Island and he went out into the cold Illinois dawn to talk to thousands of men, women, and children who had got out of their beds to see Harry Truman and hear him talk. He spoke hour after hour across Oklahoma and California, Connecticut and Texas. The same crowds were there. It is perhaps cruel now to remember that those meetings of a man and a people in the dark and the sun—across upstate New York in a pouring rain—were reported in terms of corniness and curiosity, scolding and courage, yes, but futility, too.

The teachers shepherded the school children. The workers sat on the tops of station sheds. There were, of course, orchids from Democrats. An old rabbi read a petitioning scroll about Israel while the local high-school bands pumped out, "While Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Negroes listened at the edges or in bold token at the center of the crowd. There were tractor drivers and cowboys, even some Indians, clerks, and ranchers, rednecks and roughnecks, men of wheat and cotton and tobacco, oil drillers, and candidates, candidates, candidates. It was medicine show, fair week, Saturday night, and old home week. Also, it seemed the tragic flight of a nice man into an obvious oblivion which oddly enough did not come off. All the wise men missed the election and turned themselves to corny jokes about themselves in explanation. Maybe they should be forgiven for missing an election. It is about time, however, that they were able to recognize an American revolution. And the rest of us, too.

—*Burck in* Chicago Sun-Times.

"That Man Roo-oo—I mean Truman."

Nothing less than an American revolution is set down word after word in the campaign speeches which Harry Truman delivered. It is good to have them now in this book* composed largely of his political declarations in 1948. It will be better still to have an adequately indexed and annotated collection of his public papers which this book does not even pretend to be. It will, however, be valuable reading for those who dismissed Harry Truman's speeches as they dismissed Harry Truman himself when these speeches were being made. This collection shows clearly that, as he sought reelection, Harry Truman was not merely producing "Give 'em hell, Harry" messages for voters. Only the blind who were determined to be blind ever thought that they were. There was deadly seriousness as well as laughter and cheers in all the station yards. The men and women there understood as so many other shrewder and sharper observers did not that what he put together in that campaign and the months before it was not a platform but a philosophy. The man and the people understood that what he said was not merely "the Truman Program," but the American plan.

Some of those who were most sure that there was not going to be any Truman are apparently now most sure that there is going to be a Truman program as something new and separate and distinct in American life, though they admit bitterly that it grows from the New Deal and moves on from it. That notion is emphasized by this collection and its title, though its editor and sponsor were not among those who were bewildered before November. It is the same notion as the more familiar one that there was something unique, invented by one man, called the New Deal. There were certainly plenty of John the Baptists of native American grass-roots progressivism shouting in the American wilderness before the nativity of the New Deal. There was never any New Deal neatly packaged unless the New Deal was only the packaging of an advancing American faith. And oddly enough, this book and these speeches seemed to me to prove that there is no such thing as "the Truman Program."

* *THE TRUMAN PROGRAM: Addresses and Messages by Harry S. Truman. Edited by M. B. Schnapper. Washington: Public Affairs Press.* 1949. 261 *pp.* $2.95.

—*Fitzpatrick in* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"All Yours, Big Boy."

THERE are no strange things in the Truman promises. By this time, after sixteen or seventeen years and after five elections, it ought to be clear that both the New Deal and "the Truman Program" are not the plans of Presidents but the directions of America. The New Deal preceded and survived Franklin Roosevelt. And Harry Truman, who was described as he came to office as the embodiment of the ordinary American, more than any one man could be, emerges in these speeches as an American spokesman worthy of an ancient and continuing cause. That cause is more the embodiment of the spirit of the ordinary and extraordinary American than any one man could be, even an amazing man from Missouri. The important thing to remember now is that the man on the rear platform of the campaign special and the people all amphitheatred before it understand and make American directions together.

Nobody was ever more sure of that than Harry Truman. Indeed, it was confidence in that which was his courage when not only all the commentators but most of his companions shook their heads over his chances. He was not merely talking about the Eightieth Congress but the effectiveness of democracy. He was never only concerned with the items of failure in the greatest period of prosperity or even of the items which he counted as the parts of fulfilment: housing and health, wages and farm prices, the human rights to human dignity, the prodding for

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Atomic Era. *A number of readers have commented on the fact that the list of books about atomic science drawn up by Albert Einstein (which* SRL *reprinted several weeks ago) contained titles of both technically scientific and polemically political works. As Dr. Einstein himself has said, "No one can approach the subject . . . from a merely scientific and technical point of view. It is not enough to know all about isotypes and pitchblende and plutonium. That is why I have included . . . books on the problems of peace, security, and the continued life of man with man." Of the four books reviewed here Barnett's work is an uncommonly lucid exposition of the scientific facts underlying our age; the others are earnest inquiries into their consequences for man.*

Time for Purposeful Political Work

THE POWER OF FREEDOM. By Max Ascoli. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1949. 173 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

POLITICAL democracy is constantly under fire and new defenders constantly rally to its support. Max Ascoli enters the lists by writing a vigorous and optimistic book. He believes that the democratic position is far stronger than we know, and maintains that "our awareness and our use of this strength are dangerously hampered by the fact that our thinking about democracy has grown obsolete and cliché-ridden."

Mr. Ascoli's prose is the opposite of cliché-ridden. The treatment of his problem divides into three parts: "The World's Civil War" and its legacy to the unharmonious family of nations and the United States in particular; the nature of freedom and the heretical modes of thinking about it, and the "limits of politics." The discussion is so terse and epigrammatic that I shall not attempt to summarize Mr. Ascoli's analysis. Instead I shall give a few examples of his efforts to demonstrate that thinking about democracy need not be "obsolete."

"Hitler's was the last epileptic spasm of the old 'idealism,' the most reckless of the ideologies babbling into mania." The United Nations Charter starts with the words "We the peoples . . ." but the "We" so far has only meant "the quarrelsome, verbose representatives of the peoples, many of whom have a rather doubtful claim to their representative capacity." "When institutions too frequently demand that the fiduciary circulation of their policies be redeemed by the citizens' lives, it is obvious that such institutions do not work."

Politics may be defined as "the answer men give to the conditions of their lives"; it is "men's answer to economics." Unhappily the elementary fact of political life is "the common political disinterest of the many and the lucrative political activity of the few." Political freedom guarantees "the emergence of the worker from the anonymity and the drudgery of work." It is the worker's surplus profit which the Communists confiscate but which democratic societies collect in a haphazard and wasteful manner. "The condition for the victory of democracy over its opponents is that the collection be set right." This must be done "at a time when the operation of politics in every part of the world has become so interdependent that the privacy of national political experiments has been sharply curtailed."

Moreover, "the major ills of our time seem to come from the one-sided, over-stretched attempt to pursue a single one of the four freedoms"—freedom from want. Obsession with this freedom leads us to Communism. We should not seek the full enjoyment of any one freedom "everywhere in the world" but instead "the balanced interfusion of all four at different spots in the world—indeed at the largest number of spots in the world."

It would be quite unfair to Mr. Ascoli to say that he remains in the clouds. He has his feet firmly on the ground, but I find difficulty in discovering where he wishes to walk. He says, for example, that "this is not a time for miracles. It is a time for purposeful, well-oriented political work. We must break the backbone of every totalitarianism, tyrannical or democratic, if we want to have institutions we can control."

What is the program for political work? We must fasten "ideas to solid hinges." These seem to be the right to work, the political rights of workers, active citizenship in the factory and in the community, and "the relationship and reciprocal limits of

THE AUTHOR: Italian exile Max Ascoli is big, vital, and urbane, with a jaw as defiant as that of Il Duce, from whom he stubbornly scorned absolution for underground pamphleteering through the Fascist convention of a penitent letter. "I declined to write to a gentleman unknown to me." He had been anti-Fascist since student days in the mid-Twenties, and when he was jailed in 1928, sighed and sent home for a twenty years' supply of books. His father, a conservative Ferrara businessman, was so ashamed. Unaware of the extent of his subversion, the authorities a month later relaxed the penalty to house arrest and a secluded academic life—"unmitigated hell," the irony of having police officers among his students in legal philosophy notwithstanding. First four, then one—"a terribly nice chap"—tailed him constantly. In 1931 the Rockefeller Foundation secured his release. He did research here on American democracy, added "Intelligence in Politics" to numerous previous works, and denunciations of Mussolini to the coals already on his head. In 1933 he joined the graduate faculty of the New School for Social Research—the "University in Exile"—where he has been dean since 1939, when he became a U.S. citizen. During the war, proselytizing Latin America for Washington, he became convinced that the cause of Communism can be eliminated if people have not only enough to eat but a chance to work. So late in 1944 he organized a markedly successful foreign-aid project, the House of Italian Handicraft. No longer head of it, and with six years' intermittent work on "The Power of Freedom" completed, he is now in the flurry of launching a new magazine, *The Reporter,* co-sponsored with his wife, Marian Rosenwald, which he will edit and publish. "Commuting between Sirius and the poolroom," its goal will be to strengthen the institutions of freedom in every country of the world.—R. G.

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power among sovereign states." These "hinges" must "be set straight by sustained political thought and political action. They demand precision work, not sweeps of rhetoric."

Perhaps other readers who see more clearly than I will find in Mr. Ascoli's pages more suggestions than I do of the political action that should be taken. All readers will find "sweeps" of excellent rhetoric.

Lindsay Rogers, professor of public law at Columbia University, is author of "The Problem of Government" and other books.

Why Physicists Talk as They Do

THE UNIVERSE AND DR. EINSTEIN. By Lincoln Barnett. With a Foreword by Albert Einstein. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1949. 127 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

UNFORTUNATELY Mr. Barnett was not even born when Einstein enunciated the special theory of relativity in 1905, and he was only in his teens when mathematical physicists made it plain that a house or a tree is only a collection of probability waves. We needed Mr. Barnett's book a generation ago more than we need it now. Late though it may be in coming, this explanation of the fundamentals of modern physics is worth the attention of those who still wonder why cosmological and nuclear physicists talk as they do and why all the cocksureness that characterized nineteenth-century physics has vanished.

"Relativity, over and above its scientific import, comprises a major philosophical system which augments and illumines the reflections of the great epistemologists—Locke, Berkeley, and Hume," says Mr. Barnett in striking the keynote of his book. There is only one way to popularize relativity, and that is to interpret it as a philosophical system. This Mr. Barnett does, ingeniously and interestingly. Like the objective reporter that he is, he contributes no philosophic theories of his own but contents himself with following Herman Weyl ("Mind and Nature"), Einstein and Infeld ("The Evolution of Physics"), Jeans ("The Mysterious Universe"), and Eddington, who, in this reviewer's opinion, stands unsurpassed as a popularizer of epistemology.

It must be apparent to an intelligent reader of Mr. Barnett's book that, like the atom, the universe is a hypothesis and that there must be an infinite number of possible pictures of space. Which is the right picture? It is the business of the mathematical physicist to select the one that conforms best with experience. At one extreme we had Einstein's original conception of a universe, which was full of matter; at the other extreme we had De Sitter's universe, which was virtually empty. In between lies the expanding universe generally accepted by cosmologists—a universe compared with which the Einsteinian original is as obsolete as a muzzle-loading musket.

As matters stand, it is impossible to reconcile the universe with the atom. Each must be dealt with in accordance with special mathematical techniques. Conclusions reached about the atom (or individual stars for that matter) do not apply to the universe. If a reconciliation is ever brought about not only will gravitation and electromagnetism be welded together, just as electricity and magnetism were welded after Faraday, but we shall have in a few, simple statements, grand because they are few and simple, a picture of the universe compared with which ours will seem like that of a primitive savage. Mr. Barnett shows what the problem of reconciliation involves.

When cause and effect are abolished, as they have been in physics, when laws of nature turn out to be man-made statements in which billions of events are averaged, a thinking man finds it hard to decide in what fundamentals he ought to believe. There is obviously room for the mystic, the poet, and the priest, though it is hard to see why theologians derive so much comfort from the finding that the creation of the universe is just an accident. Mr. Barnett does not shrink from the task of explaining why the keen reasoning of physicists has forced us to ask the old questions: "What does it all mean? Why are we here?" It is not the function of science to answer, nor does Mr. Barnett attempt an answer. Yet, as he shows, we restate the questions in the scientific language of today, only to discover that we are part of the universe that we seek to understand and that we are not likely to improve on St. Paul when he said, "What is seen is made out of things which do not appear." Mr. Barnett rightly leaves his readers with more than electrons, protons, and neutrons or a closed universe to contemplate, leaves them with the probability that the mystic knows as much about "reality" as the mathematical physicist and that the man who is exalted by a Beethoven symphony has experienced something that physical science tries in vain to pin down in equations.

A professional friend of this reviewer's remarked: "When I don't know anything about a subject I write a book about it." He meant, of course, that an intelligent, industrious man can convert his ignorance into an asset. Mr. Barnett, once a reporter and later a writer on the staff of *Life*, proves the point in his own admirable way. Here is a man who has no more than the usual mathematical equipment of a college graduate but who knows how to slip behind the equations of relativity and inspect the philosophical scaffold to which they are fastened like the painted scenery of a play. Gifted as he is with a penetrating mind, a love of good writing, and a sense of style, he interprets what he sees with a simplicity and clarity that few popularizers of science can match. It would be rash to say that his is the best of all presentations of relativity and of some of the more recondite phases of nuclear physics, but it certainly ranks with the best.

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What Now?

THE OPEN SELF. By Charles Morris. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1948. 179 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MORROE BERGER

IN 1932, a book appeared entitled "The American Jitters" and everyone can guess that it was about the depression. Today a depression still worries us, but the latest American jitters are over the atomic bomb. ("We are on the threshold of a new era," an endless series of books tells us.) In an effort to direct our convulsions into effective social action, Charles Morris, philosopher and semanticist at the University of Chicago, has written "The Open Self."

Mr. Morris is not afraid to meet an issue head-on. Under new symbols, he discusses such ancient questions as: Can man shape his own future? Must we reform the individual before we can reform society? To what extent are our personalities determined by our physiques? What is the best way of life for mankind? As one who is abreast of contemporary social psychology, sociology, and psychiatry, he does not ask these questions in such crude form. The general reader will nevertheless recognize them in their more modern scientific dress.

The main theme in this book is what man shall make of himself. "We have uncovered power never dreamed of by the wildest wizard," the author says. "We now must determine the human ends for which this power is to be used if we are not to destroy ourselves." Only by deliberate planning for an "open society" which will maintain human diversity and individual freedom can we avoid the catastrophe of war and totalitarianism. Man is now a "conscious self-maker and culture-maker," and the self and culture at which he aims is the "open society of open selves." This ideal, Mr. Morris asserts, is one that has fired Americans since the country's birth.

While establishing the validity or the desirability of this point of view, Mr. Morris makes some interesting excursions into modern social science and psychology. He culls from the sciences of man those concepts and findings he needs to buttress his claims. In one chapter he gives an excellent review of the disputed subject of semantics. He also outlines a series of "philosophies of life" and tries to associate men's preferences for one or another with their physiques or physical natures. And he surveys the contributions to the study of personality and culture (or society) made by his own teacher, the late George H. Mead, and by the neo-Freudians, Erich Fromm and Karen Horney.

Though he fully admits the influence of group culture in the formation of individual personality, Mr. Morris properly insists that the perpetuation of a culture itself depends upon the individuals who find it satisfying. He feels that with our present knowledge of the way in which cultures are built up we can at last break into the circle, culture—personality—culture, by encouraging only those group practices and ideals which develop open selves. In this way we can build new personalities, which will build new cultural institutions, which in turn will shape new individuals. To Mr. Morris the goal of this process is not the imposition of a single pattern of personality upon all of us but to permit a kind and degree of unity that will foster diversity of a wholesome nature.

The aims set forth in "The Open Self" are those which liberals have professed for many generations. You will probably find yourself in agreement with most of them, since they are quite broad. But readers who are looking for a body of specific recommendations for the attainment of these objectives will be disappointed, for Mr. Morris does not discuss the actual techniques by which the open self and the open society are to be realized. As a philosopher, he is primarily concerned with stating the general characteristics of the good society, and with establishing appropriate goals.

"The Open Self," as befits a book by a student of language, is written clearly and in good prose but with an occasional attempt to wax poetic, usually at the beginning and end of a chapter. These poetic flights are not likely to elevate the spirit of the reader quite so much as that of the author. The poetry reminds one of Morris R. Cohen's remark about the chaplain's prayer at the opening of a legislative session or a political convention: it has so little effect upon what follows.

Non-Belligerent

SWEDEN: CHAMPION OF PEACE. By David Hinshaw. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1949. 309 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ERIK SJÖGREN

IT is a healthy sign in a sick world that among writers and the reading public alike the interest in real interpretations of foreign cultures is steadily growing; thus horizons are broadened for the observer and those with whom he shares his views, while for the people under scrutiny it is mostly beneficial, though sometimes surprising, to "see ourselves as others see us."

In making his study of Sweden, David Hinshaw intended neither to define her national character nor to compile a handbook of information. Rather, he wished to make an interpretation that would prove a point and convincingly express a theme: that peace, like charity, begins at home.

That Sweden's labor relations are exceptionally harmonious, that the cooperative movement counts a third of the population as members, that in Sweden a murderer is generally sent to a mental institution, that the country's gifts to war-ravaged nations proportionately match American ERP contributions; such facts combined for the author in a pattern of human relations in which mutual helpfulness and the quality of mercy appeared dominant. Thus he became convinced that the Swede is essentially non-belligerent, has a real will to peace, and this fact—not "good luck," as his Swedish friends insist—he sees as the explanation of the 134 years of unbroken peace.

To render them the more valid, Mr. Hinshaw rests his results not only on his own observations, but also on a brief interpretation of Swedish history, in which the change from warlike to pacific ideals is seen to have come with the ascendance to the throne of an ex-warrior, the first Bernadotte. But only very recent history has provided a real test of the policy he inaugurated, the sustained pressure from all sides during World War II. Mr. Hinshaw's account of those years is factual as well as inclusive, and in his judgment Sweden did, indeed, remain neutral; the concessions made never went beyond what emergency demanded, and at no time was any degree of independence yielded.

This is true, to the best of my belief, but it is hardly the whole truth. Can it, and should it, make the individual feel any happier about the

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German troop transports through Sweden or the Swedish ballbearings in German airplane engines? The conflict between conscience and loyalty in the individual is crucial in a consideration of neutrality; yet it is not dealt with here.

This is the more surprising since in his review of the social-welfare program the author stresses as particularly commendable the high value placed on the individual. There is, in point of fact, a further contradiction in Mr. Hinshaw's attitude: though he is happy to see unfortunate citizens provided for by the state, he considers it a danger signal when such help is expected. That, he warns, is statism, and the one force within Sweden most likely to wreck it.

But there are other dangers: those from without. It is the present policy of the Swedish Government to reject alliance with any but the other Scandinavian nations. Such refusal to acknowledge the indivisibility of the Western world the author rightly finds dangerous, but the view does not seem consistent with his previously expressed approval of the same kind of neutrality policy. "It seems . time," said Lord Halifax, "[that] the Swedish and other neutral Governments applied their minds to considering the best means of helping rather than hindering a cause which they cannot wish to see defeated. At present, however, their insistence on their own difficulties merely makes it harder for that cause to succeed." Those words were spoken nine years ago; then it was too late.

One may share David Hinshaw's pessimistic view of contrived peace machinery such as the UN, agree that funds should be directed into research into the causes of peace rather than the causes of war, agree that non-belligerency must begin in the individual. One is happy to record that an advanced stage of mutual trust and peacefulness exists in Sweden's domestic life.

But by treating the question of Swedish international policy on the official Governmental level and that of domestic development on the level of its effects on the individual he has happened to gloss over an important fact: that statism can mean more than the expectation to be cared for from womb to tomb. It might mean also the individual's identification of himself with the policy of the state, and if the state proclaims neutrality at all costs to be its policy, it has in effect declared a relative concept to have absolute qualities. For the individual, if he follows, it means the elevation of complacency to a principle of behavior. There lies the real danger to Swedish life and culture.

Fiction. *The tropics have always been never-never lands of romance for travelers and armchair escapists. The war novels of the Pacific Islands have deprived them of everything but sunsets and palm trees. Now, in David Davidson's powerful "The Hour of Truth," reviewed this week, a Central American seaport is revealed to be a muddy pesthole in which neither men nor trees, but only poisonous insects thrive. The reader will find another kind of escape in a collection of one of the greatest of Irish writers, Sean O'Faolain's "The Man Who Invented Sin." There is still magic in Ireland's literature as there was in old Erin's songs, but it remains too elusive, poetic, and nostalgic to be successfully embalmed in the language that makes record sales on this side of the water. Concerning best sellers, we predict big things for Fred Gipson's "Hound-Dog Man." As our reviewer says, it has everything in it but Abraham Lincoln.*

Redemption in Inferno

THE HOUR OF TRUTH. By David Davidson. New York: Random House. 1949. 336 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

WHEN David Davidson's war novel, "The Steeper Cliff," was published eighteen months ago, it was recognized as the work of an inventive and brilliant mind. It is a pleasure to record that in "The Hour of Truth" Mr. Davidson has fulfilled the promise implicit in his first book. Here he deals with a man older than the protagonist of his first novel, whose confidence has been shattered by the women who have dominated his life.

In a corruscating first chapter Mr. Davidson reveals the subtle and merciless ravages that brilliant and attractive women can inflict on their men in this society of ours. William Harmon lives with his wife and two children in the house of his mother, a successful surgeon whose glittering forceps are a symbol to him of the soul-destroying impotence that had overtaken him since the night when his wife found him for the first time useless, "a blank cartridge." Her tender and knowing smile stabbed him; even the sharp eyes of his young daughters seemed to be aware of the shameful secret. Furthermore, he had been defeated in a case he should have won by a smart woman lawyer, so that when one day an old friend asked him to be the legal advisor of a commission that was to be sent to restore to health and sanity a Central American pesthole, he knew that his last chance for restoration had miraculously arrived.

—*Vandamm.*

"David Davidson is direct and forceful, at times sardonically amusing."

The rest of the novel is concerned with the exposure of what is presumably a typical American venture in the Good Neighbor policy, a million-dollar job of rehabilitation in a pestiferous area where men had died like flies, of plagues, insects, and hunger since the days of the Spanish Conquest. His companions, when he trained with them in Washington, were obvious he-men, heavy drinkers, roaring adventurers; but in the sodden tropical port of Alba they were revealed as pathetic failures who had been trying all their lives to run away from themselves. To Harmon they seemed to be built in his own image, fugitives from life, emasculated of courage as he was of virility. Actually, the difference between them was profound, for to him there still might come "the hour of truth," a fine phrase of the bull-ring that the Spanish have given to the ultimate moment of reality, when the sword strikes the bull.

Harmon was aided in his quest by

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small triumphs. He kills, for example, a deadly snake which none of his associates had the courage to approach. His wife, before he had left home, had written him an insultingly understanding note, saying by indirection that if he needed a woman she would understand, implying indeed that it might be a necessary part of his redemption. He took advantage of her kindness and discovered that with a plump native girl, at least, he was as valiant as he had ever been. Then he meets the pale and neglected wife of the province's wealthiest and most arrogant landholder and has an affair with her in the true romantic, good-neighborly manner.

It would be difficult to find, outside of a war novel of the Pacific, a more convincing exposure of the false glamor and romance with which the tropics have been traditionally painted. Mr. Davidson's terrifyingly real Central American port is surrounded by a swamp in which the soil is an odorous amalgam of muck and poison. The filthy and ragged natives had a life span of only thirty years, and infant mortality beneficently balanced the prodigious birthrate. The social system amounted to a ruthless slavery in which men and women were brutally worked to death by the landholders, who enriched themselves on the diseased blood of the conquered. In this hell-hole the American mission became and seemed a joke, scorned and attacked and used for political and financial gain. With the exception of Harmon, the swaggering white men rapidly deteriorated; scratching themselves all day, nursing the blood germs they had acquired, they sickened of their own male society, and lost all confidence in what had been a nobly conceived project. Nevertheless, streets were paved, a hospital built, pure water was brought from the hills, diseases were conquered, and insects were slaughtered by hundreds of millions.

Eventually the qualities of leadership Harmon has developed are recognized, and he is made head of the mission. When he is a whole man again, he finds that his love for his wife, which he had thought he had lost, returns in full force. Presumably when he returns to her he will have no reason to fear again a household dominated by its women.

This story of redemption is told, as was Mr. Davidson's first novel, in terms of action. His writing is direct and forceful, at times sardonically amusing. It assures the author of an established and firm place among that small group of young novelists to whom the public can now look, confident of their destiny.

Vermont in a Quandary

CATCH A FALLING STAR. By Frederic F. Van de Water. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1949. 362 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

MR. VAN DE WATER'S twelfth published volume is something new in historical fiction—a novel of the American Revolution in which not one military engagement is fought. There is an Indian raid and a minor skirmish, but readers accustomed to being peppered with more words of battle description than the participants expended in bullets will find Mr. Van de Water's novel approach refreshing.

Because I can see from my study window the territory between Bennington and Arlington most frequented by the persons of "Catch a Falling Star," the Van de Water tale has a special attraction. It is the story of Vermont's uncertain course in the later years of the Revolution when, exposed to attack from Canada, its leaders sought by skilful diplomacy to hold off the British and were damned by their own people for treason. Mr. Van de Water pictures Ira Allen, brother of the better known Ethan, as the brains of the plan to preserve Vermont from the horrors of threatened invasion and Indian attack by holding out to the British a promise of return to allegiance and then alternating delay and encouragement until the British were frantic.

Such a policy, which had to be pursued in secret, naturally led to suspicion and disaffection among the people. The rendering of this situation, an interesting sidelight on Revolutionary history, is the historical fare on which Mr. Van de Water rests his romance.

Though Mr. Van de Water covers a war without battles, he surrenders to orthodoxy in his romancing. Olin Royden, hero and narrator, is a long-suffering lover whose chase of the proud beauty Faith Marshall has all the familiar elements—beginning in distaste, shot through for purposes of suspense with mutual suspicions and misunderstandings, burning at last with an acetylene ardor. To keep things lively, there is the handsome villain, suspected of being a traitor, who has gained the lady's affections and who, when the hero has fairly won her, basely has her abducted by Indians for his own foul purposes.

Mr. Van de Water has chosen to stay in the well-traveled rut of the melodramatic formula—with characters as clearly black and white as those in a morality play, with sure-fire suspense arising out of physical danger and pursuit.

Perhaps he felt the necessity of this time-tested formula all the more because his historical material is essentially static. He has deliberately chosen a time and place in which nothing happens—in which making sure that nothing happened was the purpose of Ira Allen's policy. The result is to make the romance loom larger than the history, an effect partly owing to Mr. Van de Water's welcome refusal to overload his scene with costume and description. But the romance is not enough to make the book distinctive. To a modern ear, moreover, some of the people—especially the lovers—have a wooden speech. Even though this may have been eighteenth-century talk, the result is to make the people more theatrical than dramatic. However, if it was Mr. Van de Water's purpose to write a popular and interesting tale, he has succeeded.

Homonyms

By Harold Zlotnik

O I HAVE lain awake and heard
  Upon the palate of the night
The clear phonetics of the winds
  Inaudible in blaze of light,

The sudden blasphemies of pain
  When they have stumbled in the dark,
The soft persuasive whispers used
  In wooing trees within a park,

The cackle of a curious crowd
  In swinging creaking shutters free,
The shrillest ballads ever twanged
  On wires of telegraphy,

The brittle orders shouted forth
  To legions of autumnal leaves,
And sobbing of a lover spurned
  In gusts that swept the jutting eaves,

And I have caught the cogent words
  Of people in their freest speech,
When winds assured the common grass
  The future was within its reach.

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The Devil's Work

THE MAN WHO INVENTED SIN. By Sean O'Faolain. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. 1948. 183 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

"LIFE IS A DIVIL," says a young man in Sean O'Faolain's newest book. He would be no true Irishman if he thought otherwise. Throughout these fifteen stories life keeps his arch fifth columnist, time, pretty busy on the devil's work.

In the title piece, "The Man Who Invented Sin," an ecclesiastical busybody spoils the harmless fun of some holidaying nuns and monks. What touches the tale with infinite irony is the change that twenty-three years make in the participants' recollection of the episode. In "Lady Lucifer" three inexorable decades refuse to free the heroine from the bondage of high-minded devotion. In "Innocence" the plight of the child penitent at the hands of the ancient confessor might be laughable if it were not hazed over with the nostalgia of vanished youth. Even in "Vive la France," most amusing of the tales, Alec's twenty years away from the sea tinge the humor with the pale cast of sadness.

This collection, like all Mr. O'Faolain's work, is distinguished by profound understanding of character and affectionate resignation to mortal frailty. His Irish keep an eye, bright or wan, on the clock of eternity, but they are not the Eden folk of Robert Gibbings. He treats them with less detachment than McLaverty and considerably less heartiness than O'Connor. For the most part his slight plots concern minor personal crises, the tragi-comedy of family relationships, or reaction to death and religion. He excels in the evocation of mood and atmosphere.

Some of the narratives in this book are of stuff too subtle for analysis. They can only be felt. In one of these a man's heart breaks because of a pigeon. In another a crumbling mind gives way. In still another, perhaps the most poignant of all, it is a proud spirit that goes down under the impact of pity. Of less metaphysical caliber are stories of a wife who plagues her husband about a fur coat or pretends he is Clark Gable; of a sinner who is scared into figuring out a shoddy bargain with God.

Mr. O'Faolain is at his best when he is most truly Irish, as he is in "The Silence of the Valley." This is a study rather than a story. It centers about the death of an old cobbler who lived on a lonely mountain road. Out of the unearthly loveliness of moonlit mountain and mysterious moor and the enchantment it works on the mourners the author conjures up the pure spirit of Ireland. He half veils the old man's passing in the racial sense of timelessness, of unreality, of the transitoriness of the things of earth, of pity for the lot of man: ". . . it was as if [the mourners] were cycling not through space but through a maw of Time that would never move."

This is the elusive, indefinable sort of artistry that is essentially and immemorially Irish. "The Silence of the Valley" can take its place alongside Mr. O'Faolain's best work, the unforgettable novel called "A Nest of Simple Folk."

—*Howard and Joan Coster.*

Sean O'Faolain—"at his best when he is most truly Irish."

—*Clayton-Schmidt.*

Fred Gipson—"his sights set pretty close" to "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog."

Texas Nimrod

HOUND-DOG MAN. By Fred Gipson. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 247 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

THERE used to be an old backwoods saying along Publishers Row, now known, I believe, as Publishers Holler, which by this time must have reached a number of the laity; it had to do with the formula for the perfect book, and it went something like this: since no book about Lincoln, no book by or about a doctor, and no book about or by a dog had ever been a commercial failure, obviously the ideal book, from the publisher's point of view, would be one titled "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog."

While the character of Abraham Lincoln does not appear in "Hound-dog Man," nor is there, in fact, even so much as a passing reference to him, except for that one, serious omission, Mr. Gipson had his sights set pretty close. There are one doctor and at least four dogs in "Hound-dog Man," and what it lacks in Lincoln it makes up for in a theme as deeply affecting to the American heart as the sight of Whistler's "Mother" or Maxfield Parrish's "The Dickey Bird"—namely, a little, tow-headed, dogless whistlebritches who wants a dog so bad he can taste it. For hero there is the Hound-dog Man, the traditional figure so dear to the hearts of our first, and second, childhood: the shiftless, sweet-talkin', no-'count semi-vagabond, the wandering woodsman and moonlight hunter, brother (albeit a fratricidal one) to the insomniac 'coon, the thespian 'possum, and the composed and cynical fox; a nimrod unfettered by matrimony, beloved by dogs, small boys, and feckless maidens—the fantasy-hero of the commuter on the 5:15—the Eagle Scout who grew up and joined the Wolf Patrol.

For villain there is a character known as Hog Waller, a bully and a coward the likes of whom I haven't seen since that bully Dan Baxter, who so harried the lives of the brothers Rover; for the ladies, bless their hearts, there is the romance, strong and sweet as wild honey, between Blackie Scantling, the Hound-dog Man, and pretty Dony Waller, kin, but not kissin'-kin, to Hog; for the boys of the Upper Forms there is a musky city woman, come down from San Antone in a tight red dress, who makes a mess of trouble for Blackie; for those who like mountain music there is old Fiddlin' Tom Waller, Dony's Pa, who can draw a bow

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across a piece of catgut and coax the birds from the trees, along with some mighty honeyed prose from Mr. Gipson; for the pre-med students there is old Doc Cole, bibulous, frontier style, and a wild ride to save a life; for dog-lovers, and show me a man who doesn't like a dog and I'll show you a man who has never been one, there are Blackie's old Drum and Rock, bugle-voiced and tireless, little Snuffy, the feist dog which could dam' near climb a tree, and Nigger, the one-man dog that was willing to settle for a boy. For those who insist upon a happy ending, little Cotton Kinney gets his dog at last; and for those of us who like a book to end on a note of tragedy—Dony Waller marries Blackie, bell, book, and candle, and the moonlit, 'coon-haunted gullies will presumably see him no more.

All this is told in a pleasant, homespun Texas drawl, in the first person, by a little boy. There are some unaffectedly lyrical passages, and some in which Mr. Gipson tries too hard, as in the case of Fiddlin' Tom. The hunting scenes in the crisp night air and the moonlight are the best things in a book which would, and should, have been a nice short story, a short story of a little boy who went on a hunting trip.

For the record, and because I have thought about it a great deal, I should add that "Hound-dog Man" is announced by its publishers as a "find," and is a selection of a major book club.

The War.

When Captain Alfred Thayer Mahan published his "Influence of Sea Power Upon History" in 1890, he not only advanced a doctrine that profoundly influenced the course of events in Western Europe, Japan, and the United States; he began a great tradition of writing on Naval affairs. That tradition is being perpetuated today by the Naval historians of World War II in such works as S. E. Morison's "History of the United States' Naval Operations in World War II," W. D. Puleston's "Influence of Sea Power in World War II," William Karig's "Battle Report," C. Vann Woodward's "Battle for Leyte Gulf," and Fletcher Pratt's "The Marines' War." Neither of the books reviewed below are major works, but they do provide illuminating sidelights.

Der Fuehrer's Folly

HITLER AND HIS ADMIRALS. By Anthony K. Martienssen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1949. 275 pp. $4.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IN THE days of the strategy of terror, the Germans never ceased talking about their own cold, ruthless military efficiency; how everything was foreseen, every step planned with the precision of an off-tackle slant on the football field. The current totalitarianisms are trying to feed us with much the same legend today; and a book like this is important not only for the light it sheds on the past of a doctrine, but also for the shadow it throws across the future. The implicit statement here is that one cannot be precise with regard to details of "the sea affair"; the explicit account is of the vacillation, fumbling, disagreements, inability to grasp essentials, which led to the Nazi failure to achieve the one point they had to achieve in order to win the war—the defeat of Britain on the sea.

The plans were there—several of them. Mr. Martienssen, who edited the documents of the Fuehrer's conferences on naval affairs, has gone into all the records and painstakingly collated them. (He would have made a better book, by the way, if he had quoted less extensively from those documents and provided us with a little more connective tissue of his own, especially with regard to operations.) No one who studies Raeder's Plan Z can doubt that it would have been much more dangerous to Britain than the strategy actually adopted. When a variation on that plan was tried against the Murmansk convoys, the Allied losses became nearly insupportable.

It is also clear that if Doenitz's unrestricted submarine war with full air support had begun in 1939, the Battle of the Atlantic would have been a much nearer thing than it actually was. The naval men saw clearly enough that Gibraltar was the key of the East, and that unless Malta were taken anything that the Afrika Corps accomplished in the desert would be futile.

The trouble was that no one plan was tried to the hilt; that not only Hitler but his admirals as well allowed themseves to be distracted by incidents. The combined air-surface-submarine attacks on the Murmansk convoys were given up because one failed, though the two previous assaults had sunk twenty-four out of thirty-four cargo-carriers and thir-

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

A PHONETIC PUZZLE

Edith Addison Thomas, of Duluth, offers a brief narrative which, if read aloud, will be found to contain the last names of sixty English and American poets. How many can you catch? Do your own scoring. The answers are on page 29.

The wild but wily wolf coming softly and noiselessly through the maize field thought, "The field is brown, browning fast. Soon there will be frost, and the very hues of that gray nest, winter, set me achin' all over. The season does not sit well with me. Had I been less hardy last year I should have been a corpse in my coffin and buried in the graves of the earth. All we need are dry dens for homes, but how can we hunt a house—man or beast?

"I envy the swift column of fairies and the gay flamingoes flying south the way they do. I am wittier than they and am not one who burns his bridges behind him for I happen to be a wolf, but I marvel at those long fellows. I wish I had been less of a spender, but consider the lilies. What is done is done and I can do little more."

"Well," said he, "what are words worth? No use gnashing my teeth. I still can chaw, sir, and without fletcherizing, either. I can keep my eye peeled, and in the hood of darkness I have heart enough to pound around and rustle my own food. I can drink water in the brook, and in the master's barns and the hen leads all in numbers, the cow pursues her cud, and the lambs and suckling pigs are gathered in."

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teen out of thirty-nine. The Gibraltar attack was given up because Mussolini didn't like it; the taking of Malta because it would consume too much time and Rommel thought he could emancipate his supply lines more quickly by the capture of Cairo.

Raeder, Doenitz, Goering, Hitler, all wanted immediate large results from every move undertaken. None of them ever considered the fact that seapower exercises its effects slowly, over the long pull, and through a wide variety of incidents, some of which are bound to be adverse. Raeder came nearest, but even he never thought in the naval terms so clearly set forward by Mahan—that the sea is a highroad which can be used for any purpose when control of it is gained. The German effort and all the German plans were negative, not to win control of the sea, but to prevent it; and this is the fundamental reason why they lost the war. If you doubt it, read this book.

"Howling Mad" Has His Say

CORAL AND BRASS. By General Holland M. Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. 289 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FRANK O. HOUGH

THE American people are prone to look for a great deal in their military leaders. A general—or admiral—is expected to be a holy terror in combat, and everywhere else to combine the suavity of Lord Chesterfield and the knightly virtues of Sir Galahad. But Marine General Holland McTyeire ("Howlin' Mad") Smith is no such paragon. He is strictly a fighting man—the sort of high officer who wins wars but whose contributions toward winning the peace are likely to be something else again.

With surprising forbearance he has suffered torrents of half-baked criticism and abuse. "Butcher" and "cold-blooded murderer" were some of the more printable epithets applied to him. Upon completion of perhaps the most ably conducted operation in the Pacific, he had the extraordinary experience of being called "incompetent" to his face by an Army general (his nickname was "Nellie") who never held a major combat command. He was judged in absentia by an Army board which consulted no evidence from Navy or Marine Corps sources, and the board's findings conveniently "leaked" to the press while considerations of high policy gagged Smith in his own defense. Now retired, "Howlin' Mad" has his say in "Coral and Brass" and lives up to his nickname in saying it.

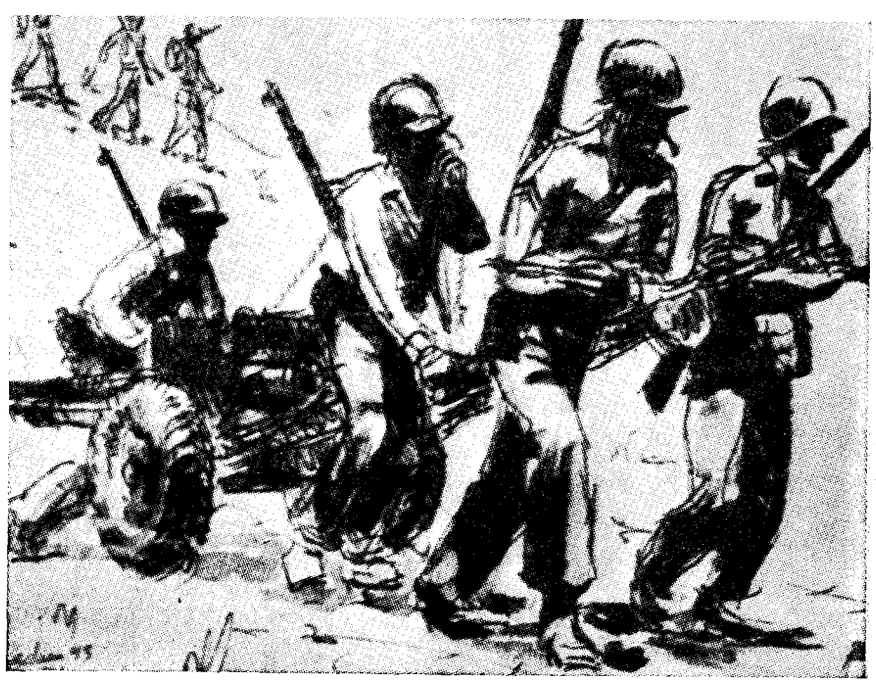
Few leaders in any service contributed more toward winning World War II than did Holland Smith. His fine performance as a commander in the Pacific tends to overshadow the years of solid, unspectacular work which made victory possible. For it was the Marine Corps, virtually single-handed and in the face of inertia and often outright opposition, which developed the theory and practice of amphibious warfare as we know it today, together with much of the equipment used in Europe and Africa as well as in the Pacific. And within the Corps, Smith's part was crucial. When the Army finally got around to recognizing the existence of such a technique (adopting the Marine amphibious manual in toto in 1941), it was he who supervised the training of the first infantry divisions to be classed as amphibious.

To this reviewer's mind, this is the significant aspect of the book. Unfortunately, the average reader, looking for fireworks—and there are plenty—may find it dull by comparison and perhaps too esoteric to hold his interest. The honest historian, however, cannot overlook it.

This book is one man's story, and that man tells it in his own way. His literary weapon bears no resemblance to that favorite of the Marines, the high-precision rifle. General Smith uses a shotgun, and with fine impartiality; no sooner has he let go a blast at the Army than he gives the Navy the other barrel. Yet it would be inaccurate to say that he is anti-anything; Holland Smith is simply pro-Marine. His choicest invective is reserved for what he considers machinations against his Corps, whether the barnacle-encrusted Bureau of Ships' partially successful efforts to frustrate the development of adequate landing craft, the Navy's early insistence on commanding operations ashore (Admiral Kelly Turner "always had suppressed ambitions to be a general"), or the failure of certain Army units to measure up to his own exacting standards of battle conduct. He is free with praise of individuals and units in all the services. His tribute to the Army's General Harbord is moving in its simple sincerity, while his truly penetrating analysis of Admiral King verges on eloquence.

General Smith is an opinionated man and prone to second-guessing, which weakens the historical value of his war sequences. The sensational aspects of the book are easily overstressed, notably the "Smith Versus Smith" controversy (his relief of the Army's Major General Ralph Smith on Saipan), an unfortunate interservice feud which the great majority of Marines, more interested in future development than historical minutiae, would be happy to see permanently buried. Rambling, repetition, and sloppy editing mar the literary performance; yet the general's collaborator, Percy Finch, has succeeded in conveying the flavor and personality of the man.

Frank O. Hough wrote "Island War: The U. S. Marine Corps in the Pacific."



"Gun Crew," by Harry A. Jackson, USMC.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Year of the Miracle*

IT HAS BEEN said that literature must be the province of a small minority. If that is so, then creative writers, in this country at least, may be partly to blame for it. Since the war ended, a more dismal procession of characters, or sadder and gloomier landscapes, have rarely emerged from the novelist's mind; nor has the poet, when he chooses to be comprehensible to others than his fellow artists, contributed many rays of light or cheer. If you have been reading for the last year or two the volumes emerging from our younger writers—and some of our older ones too—you might think that they were so blinded by misanthropy, their own private woes, or the miseries they have invented for others, that they cannot see the country in which they live or what their fellow citizens are making of it. The youngest of them seem to have gone to bed with despair for their companion, and their nightmares and their awakenings are equally depressing. Franz Kafka haunts them and the philosophy they have borrowed from clever Frenchmen who have been cheerfully playing intellectual chess with pawns carved into symbols of degradation and horror. Every mental disorder psychiatrists have discovered, every sin this country commits against common sense and democracy, is faithfully recorded by our writers. If you would believe them, we are a nation of neurotics; we lynch a Negro every week and insult a Jew every hour. The most contemptible and disgusting figure in our country is the capitalist, the businessman who has succeeded, and the man who has managed to hang on to some part of his wealth. It is no wonder that literature, and presumably our best literature, belongs only to the small minority in a country of 150 million people who are trying to get on in the world. What honest reflection is there in our fiction of the rebuilding of the United States out of the depression, of the flood of wealth and workers to the Southwest and the Pacific Coast; where can you find evidence of the economic improvement in the South, or the prosperity that has been harvested by the farmers of the Middlewest? Here surely are epic themes worthy of someone's pen.

It is worth while glancing at what this nation of neurotics, with their guilt complexes, their cruelties, their perversions, and their despairs have been up to in the year to which we have just said goodbye. The fact is that a minor, or perhaps a major, miracle came to pass in the United States in 1948. It can be expressed in one sentence. One nation containing less than seven per cent of the earth's total population produced for the first time in history half of the world's goods. An endless torrent of manufactures, from Diesel engines to textiles, from dynamos to plastics, poured in an endless stream from our factories, to be distributed to every city and village in the country or sent across the oceans to penetrate other continents wherever there were dollars to buy or relief funds supplied out of the taxes paid by our citizens. The figures that record this accomplishment are staggering to anyone capable of grasping their magnitude, who may remember the predictions of recession a year or more ago: five million cars and trucks, eighty-eight and a half million tons of steel, five and a half million barrels of oil a day, nearly fourteen million yards of cloth, a million and a quarter new houses, nearly five million washing machines, over twenty-seven million radios, toasters, and irons; and the greatest harvests in history, which brought in thirty-one billion dollars to the American farmer. It was a year of almost total employment, of fewer industrial disputes, and of expansion in wealth and productive capacity for the future. The total value in labor and in goods produced rose to ten per cent over 1947, to the astronomical sum of two hundred fifty-three billion dollars.

Unless by nature you dislike all stories of achievement and success, or are a Communist and must therefore deplore or see only evil in this recital of what has been done, or left undone, by the people of America in 1948, you may admit to yourself that most of our talented, new writers have buried their minds in other people's ideas, or have missed a fabulous spectacle in their preoccupation with city slums, or barnyard dirt, or sour recollections of their companions in the war, or perhaps in their distaste for the business in which they had been engaged.

A SOMEWHAT calmer interpretation of the habit of our writers to portray the capitalist, the rugged individualist, or the successful businessman as the scum of the earth can be found in a sound article by Mr. John Chamberlain, "The Businessman in Fiction," in the November issue of *Fortune*. He begins by taking to pieces Harold Laski's "The American Democracy," in which the president of almost any large American company is described as if he were, in Mr. Chamberlain's words, "an indigenous monster, specializing in subverting the press, bribing the Government, shooting it out with labor, and packing the colleges with spineless professors who kowtowed to the monster's least responsible whims." Mr. Chamberlain shows that this fashion of detesting the businessman, the "tycoon," is a venerable habit in American literature. It began in the last century with the aristocratic writers who in the best British tradition both feared and despised the merchants, manufacturers, and Wall Street promoters who rose to wealth and power from the middle class. Theodore Roosevelt's "malefactors of great wealth" gave official sanction to the portrait of the merchant prince as a fat-bellied destroyer of widows and orphans. It attained depth and profundity in the three laboriously sincere Cowperwood novels of Theodore Dreiser. It gained strength in Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt," which gave a name to the average small businessman that the entire tribe has never been able to shake off. The novelists of the depression, when it was the fashion to write socially conscious novels, saddled us with a literary horror of business. It is therefore no wonder that our creative writers choose almost any theme on earth except that of American success in building vast and new enterprises. If these writers and others to come continue to say that the men who have created this spectacle are abominations they should be taken firmly by the hand by some benevolent foundation and escorted on a tour through the length and breadth of the United States.

But it may be simpler than this; perhaps it is easier to write of failure and degradation than it is of success. Russia, to be sure, had its Dostoievsky, but it also had its Tolstoy. —H. S.

* In Japan, Year of the Mouse.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Roosevelt and Hopkins"

SIR: Will you allow an English subscriber, and a fervent admirer of *SRL*, to congratulate you on the masterly review by Mr. Elmer Davis (how we miss his dry, sardonic wit on the wireless these days!), on "Roosevelt and Hopkins" [Oct. 23]. This is a piece of American critical journalism at its very best, and I congratulate both you and Mr. Davis.

It is, however, appalling for an Englishman to read the implication that America, in 1941, was perfectly prepared to see Great Britain become a slave-state! Where was the sense of Anglo-Saxon fraternity in that tragic year? Were Americans so blindly selfish to the call of duty (and of their own preservation) that they could watch undismayed this country perish? What were the feelings of you Americans when you heard on the wireless about London being bombed to hell every night?

Lord Vansittart in describing the Chamberlain Munich Agreement, has recently said that the situation was akin to two men being on a raft chased by sharks. One was a fat man, the other was a thin man. The fat man pushed the thin one overboard in the hope that the shark would leave him alone. Was that America's viewpoint in 1940-41?

SYDNEY HORLER.

Cornwall, Eng.

SIR: In your Dec. 4 issue, you use "The Truth about FDR" as a caption over a quotation by Sherwood from Hopkins about Roosevelt. In my opinion, a better caption would have been "The Roosevelt Myth."

I was much pleased by the brickbats hurled at you by outraged readers and printed in your correspondence column a few weeks ago. Please consider this another brickbat. I hope that in the fulness of time you may come to realize that not all liberal and literate Americans share your idolatry of the late President Roosevelt and that you may sometime question the rightness of thrusting your excessive and incessant political partisanship before the readers of what is allegedly a literary journal.

ALFRED C. AMES.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: If there is a Pulitzer Prize for book reviewing, I nominate "Roosevelt and Hopkins, the Years of Desperation and Victory," by Elmer Davis [*SRL* Oct. 23]. It was magnificent.

GORDON H. COLE.

Washington, D. C.

DC—Dazzled

SIR: This is to implore you to run the weekly Double-Crostic on some page other than that shining, dazzling, unerasable, unbearable slick stuff of your back inside cover.

Once a month, when you print your RECORDINGS section, I cheer loudly, not only for it, but also because then the DC appears on the nice, squashy, cheap pulp of the inside pages and I do not need to search the household for my special pencil which marks china, porcelain, metal, mirror, and cellophane.

Do any other DC fans agree with my distaste for finding our darlings printed, three times out of four, on what amounts to the side of the Frigidaire? Perhaps they would join me in this howl of eye-strained protest and thus force you to change the sadistic make-up of *SRL* once and for all.

LAURA Z. HOBSON.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And that Lafayette business—he's just doing that for the French vote!"

Point of "The Grand Design"

SIR: It seems to me that Henry Morton Robinson missed the point in reviewing John Dos Passos's breathtaking novel "The Grand Design" [*SRL* Jan. 8]. The author, apparently, did not intend to give the reader an overstuffed Freudian psychoanalytic insight into the multitude of characters but preferred rather to sketch a vast panorama of the Washington scene during the years of the New Deal. Out came a strong, violent, sardonic, and cynical picture of human nature; a marvelous mirror of society life, politics, and Fifth Column spy work inside USA; it is, I agree, a horrid and sometimes nervously tense picture but I prefer it by far to all the false heroism of good kids in the Army, to all the rather monotonous sex recollections of psychological novels, to all the Hollywood-like glamor and splendor of wayward buses. The whipping naturalism of Dos Passos remains unsurpassed, his style, original and sine commas, is matched by the effectual handling of slang, about which Mr. Robinson does not comment too lengthily. It is not true that readers like only books for their "showdown" or pay-off; I for one prefer and chamber-music scene to a box-fight. The chapters of "The Grand Design" have nothing but one single fault: they could not encompass the whole atmosphere of human hope and disillusion, the whole scale from earnest longings to bitter despair. But whatever Dos Passos sketched in his book will show him again, especially to European readers, as one of the foremost and most forceful American authors of our times.

ROBERT BREUER.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

Revenge Mechanism

SIR: Please accept congratulations upon your publicity for the imprisoned artist who is serving a life sentence simply because he declined to "cop a plea." Your subject is much broader than the imprisonment of one man. It involves the entire prison system and the present-day methods of arriving at a judgment in the trial of criminal cases. Having spent many years in the prosecution of criminals I believe that my comments are based upon unbiased observation of present-day methods.

First, the third degree is the order of the day. Ninety-nine of 100 cases are denied a full hearing before the courts of appeal—especially in the United States Supreme Court.

Second: The right of trial by jury is being sidetracked and belittled. Men are sent to prison now "on the day the crime is committed" for long terms all in accord with the new rules set up by the Federal courts—without indictment, counsel, or proper opportunity to make investigation of existing defenses.

Third: The people of this country live in a world of illusion. They *think*

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they are protected by Constitutional provisions that safeguard their lives and liberty. The truth is that the safeguards have been whittled away till but little remains and they learn to their grief, in emergency, that the Writ of Habeas Corpus is so confined by restrictive rules that it is practically useless today in the courts of America.

Fourth: There is a public belief that the Constitution of the United States is a shield and safeguard of liberty throughout the nation—in state and Federal courts. It is only when the state courts make strange and sometimes violent findings that the defendant learns that the Federal Constitution is mainly confined to matters arising under Federal statutes and the Federal Constitution has no application to him.

Fifth: Liberty is not at all safeguarded in this country. Property rights, being a matter of civil law, are much more secure than is liberty. The number of innocent men who face conviction for crime is increasing all the time.

The evils in the present prison system are terrible but the evils in the present system of indictment, accusation by information, trial, and sentencing for offenses are worse and getting worse all the time. The public allows officials to do exactly as they please and they react by eliminating safeguards, extending sentences, and in general operating a revenge mechanism in the name of "reformation" and "rehabilitation."

THOMAS MARSHALL.

Corpus Christi, Tex.

Attic Yield

SIR: A collection of letters written by my great-grandmother in 1855 from California has started me searching through our attic. Your editorial "Our Pride and Prosperity" has made me realize the possible value to others of over a hundred years' accumulation of letters, diaries, etc.

I would welcome the opportunity of working with an experienced person who needs an interested typist in order to learn how to sort the above papers intelligently.

RUTH KEELER.

North Salem, N. Y.

Good Old Micah

SIR: The review of "Plowshares Into Swords" [*SRL* Jan. 1], by Arthur P. Chew, reminds me that the author adopts the first mention of plowshares and swords made in the Bible. Joel, Chapter 3, 10th Verse: "Beat your plowshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong." A little later on, good old Micah says, "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks."

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

Our Young Men—Hmm!

SIR: I am genuinely distressed by three of the "Personals" in *SRL* Dec. 25: "Man . . . finds American women insufficiently feminine"; "male weary of career women"; "Yankee pasha, standing for superior rights of men."

What is the matter with our young men of today? Have they been so over-momified that in revolt they are trying to go back to the subservient, ancillary females of the Victorian era? What has become of our brave new world of men and women as equals and partners, of which so many of us (men and women) now middle-aged or elderly dreamed, and for which we sacrificed and worked so much? It would be bitter indeed if in an age increasingly democratic, and in a country which strives to typify democracy to the world, we had to fight all over again to prove that women, like men, are human beings!

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Basic Description of Author of Political Economy

SIR: Re Irwin Edman's "Political Economy—Basic Test" in *SRL* Dec. 11:

Upon his professional dais
He sits, and without any bias
Presents the right and leftish view,
Taking a poke at me and you.

His ire is never fundamental—
The gentleman is always gental—
And yet I think that he espouses
The phrase, "A pest on both your houses."

For never need an educator
Dig a ditch or be a waiter,
Nor when the times are far from brisk
Put up his capital at risk.

So he can view objectively
The bug that's biting you or me.
Let Lewis rant or Wall Street wail
His check is always in the mail.

RUTH W. STERN.

New York, N. Y.

Sifting the Ashes of Avon

SIR: Why this hue and cry over the identity of Shakespeare? The argument has disintegrated into sifting the ashes of immortality. Allow the man his pitiable 400 years of renown. Who questions the identity of Christ, or don't the learned gentlemen dare?

Gentlemen, your malady is envy. Your blood is venom. Your minds, gentlemen, are the treasure stores of "facts." But you are not poets, still less are you learned. And in the words of the ignorant country yokel who presumed, who had the colossal nerve to write imperishable literature without the advantages you speak of—"The play is the thing."

VIOLET LASKOVICH.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. Hoeffner, in writing of "The Shakespeare Confusion," lists Dyer's name among Elizabethans who have been proposed for the Shakespearean authorship. Since I am, so far as I know, alone in having maintained that while Shakespeare of Stratford was the man-of-the-theatre of the plays, Edward Dyer was their literary genius, I find myself defined by Mr. Hoeffner as one "whose irresponsible imaginings vitiate any claim to scholarship."

Hundreds of thousands have doubted the Shakespearean authorship, including such writers of mark as Emerson, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Henry James, Nietzsche; and all this body of skepticism—whether our academicians like it or not—does create a "Shakespeare problem." But the answer, of apparently a vast snobbery, continues to be that we are all a concourse of nitwits and that of course there is not a line of scholarship in us.

ALDEN BROOKS.

Topañga, Calif.

SIR: Apropos of the several communications in your sterling journal on the old but fascinating question of the authorship of the so-called Shakespeare plays, may I express my surprise that men apparently educated and trained should care to rush into print, indulge in loose and ignorant dicta on a subject of extraordinary complexity, and ridicule or denounce others who, better informed, to say the least, dared to support heretical theories.

Years ago Max (Sir Max) Beerbohm said, truly, that all the fools in England are Shakespeareans, and quite rightly, while the anti-Shakespeareans are, by and large, highly cultivated and able men, including keen lawyers, eminent judges, and literary historians. I am not a Baconian, but I recall Emerson's remark to the effect that he could not "marry" the few known facts about the Stratford actor and horse-tender to the idea of his authorship of the great plays associated with his name. Emerson, by the way, was no humorist or simpleton.

The fact is that a considerable body of genuine literature exists on the question now revived in your pages, and the fervent Shakespeareans are apparently quite unaware of the number and quality of the books which disputed and sought to disprove the claims or pretensions of the orthodox. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but total ignorance is not very safe, either. Please publish a list of the major anti-Shakespeare works available in our great libraries, and let your impartial and open-minded readers consult them. The "arguments" of the orthodox, they will find, have been considered and disposed of years and years ago.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We hope to publish the list suggested by Mr. Yarros in an early issue.*

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Medicine.

Historians of early America have long enjoyed arguing whether it was at Philadelphia or New York that the medical profession got its real start in this country. The roster of illustrious practitioners which partisans of the Quaker City marshal to prove the primacy of their metropolis can nearly—if not quite—be matched by the advocates of Gotham. Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Hospital was chartered in 1751, but it took such a long time getting into operation that fans of New York's Bellevue Hospital, the subject of Page Cooper's readable and informative "Bellevue Story" (reviewed below) have good reason to boast about the pioneering work of their institution. . . . A pioneer of another sort, a medico of Dodge City, Kan., the center of the rip-roaring West of seventy years ago, is treated in another book received this week, Samuel J. Crumbine's anecdote-filled "Frontier Doctor."

Progress of a Pest-House

THE BELLEVUE STORY. By A. Page Cooper. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 277 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN 1794, there was a five-acre country place out along the East River, some three miles from New York, which its Tory owner had named Belle Vue. He might have done better, and he might have done worse —Kill Kare Kottage, for instance. As for the view, here also he might have done better, and he might have done worse. Today the prospect eastward from Twenty-sixth Street is not the most inspiring in Manhattan, or the least, either. But in 1794 Brooklyn was mostly trees.

Belle Vue Farm had a two-story dwelling which was turned into a pest-house. During the yellow-fever epidemic of 1795, the city council took it over for a hospital. Two buildings for convalescents went up. Belle Vue Farm became an institution. It grew, and somewhere along the line the two words of its name were fused into one.

The history of a country, at the fullest, would be the history of all its inhabitants, and the history of a hospital would be the sum total of all its case histories, and that would be the largest of large orders. A fascinating hospital history could be evolved from the mere listing of its prominent patients—something which, in the instance of Bellevue, would extend to unwieldy length. Miss Cooper has foregone this temptation, even in summary; she does note that when novelist David Graham Phillips, shot by a reader who thought his family had been held up to ridicule, was taken to Bellevue to die, he told the doctors, "I could have survived one shot, but not six." His murderer (who committed suicide) was wrong. Phillips had not slandered his family. But the incident should serve as a lesson to anyone contemplating a *roman à clef,* and who isn't?

Miss Cooper unrolls a colorful and fascinating panorama: Euphemia van Rensselaer, who in the late 1870's designed the nurse's uniform that remains standard; Dr. William S. Halsted, who is credited with the introduction of rubber gloves; Thomas J. Minnock, the *World* reporter who broke the story of "brutality" in Bellevue and then, on the witness stand, couldn't make it stick; Typhoid Mary, who was discovered, disappeared, traced to her hideout by an epidemic of her own creation, and then put under mild but authentic detention for the remaining twenty-three years of her life; the superb detective work of Dr. Alexander O. Gettler, city toxicologist; the research work in alcoholism of Drs. Menas Gregory and Alexander Lambert, of whom the latter "exploded the idea that the more expensive the brand [of whiskey], the less dangerous it is."

In a book of this sort, it is easy for the author to fall into the anecdotal and stay there. Miss Cooper tells plenty of stories, and good ones, but her chief concern is the main story, and she tells it interestingly and informatively. Her account is consecutive and well-knit, and comprehensive for all its brevity.

U.S. Babylon's M.D.

FRONTIER DOCTOR. By Samuel J. Crumbine, M.D. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 1948. 284 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

IN these modest reminiscences, which have the charm and also the limitations of complete informality, Dr. Samuel J. Crumbine writes of his early days as a frontier physician in Dodge City, Kansas. Those were the days—alas!—when "eggs at retail were eight to thirteen cents a dozen, butter from twelve to fifteen cents a pound, chickens twenty-five cents each, and turkeys one dollar each." But the doctor's memories go back further than that, to the days when few people were so bold as to eat "love apples"—what a nice name for the humble tomato!—because they were thought to cause cancer, when kerosene lamps were just beginning to be used, and every pharmacist was his own manufacturer of patent medicines.

When Dr. Crumbine started practising in Dodge City in the early 1880's, the town was the cowboy capital, also known as "Wild and Wooly Dodge" and "the beautiful, bibulous Babylon of the frontier." He tells an amusing story of the time, describing how an intoxicated cowboy got on a train fifty miles from Dodge City. When the conductor asked for his ticket, the cowboy said he hadn't bothered to buy one.

> "Where are you going?" asked the conductor.
> "Damfino," the cowboy answered, "but I reckon I'm headed for hell."
> "One dollar and a half," the conductor said, "and get off at Dodge City."

It is a little hard to realize today that only sixty years ago the place was a wide-open frontier town crowded with cowboys, traders, ranchmen, hunters, gamblers, confidence men, and what Dr. Crumbine somewhat quaintly calls "members of the demimonde." But then it is also hard to realize that eggs were once eight cents a dozen.

The most interesting pages of

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"Frontier Doctor" are those that tell of those pristine times when the official notice in the local paper asked people, "especially the ladies (if such they can be called), not to be profane in the Post Office when they don't get the letters they want." In due time Fort Dodge grew up to be the respectable Middle West town of Dodge City, and the doctor grew up to be State Health Officer of Kansas. In this capacity he did a notable job not only for Kansas but for the nation, waging a "planned warfare against houseflies and rats, for pure food and drugs, water and sewerage control, and the prevention of tuberculosis . . . the abolition of the common drinking cup, the common roller-towel, and a drive on the 'red plague'." (Note: the doctor is not referring to Communism.) Lovers of blue points and cape cods will also be interested to know that Kansas was "the first to revolutionize the method of shipping oysters."

After serving nineteen years as State Health Officer, Dr. Crumbine became general executive of the American Child Health Association. Looking back, he states that "in no other field of human endeavor, during the last one hundred years, has such progress been made as in modern scientific medicine and public health."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 291

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 291 will be found in the next issue.

K ENNWSRG MNLRSRVOLMJ

SR VGO GNAQNAWSL NE

WSVVWO ZSLCR, KCNDOC AJ

WSVVWO RVKVORZKL KLC

BGSWNRNBGODR KLC CSTS-

LOR.—OZODRNL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 290

Logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men.

T. H. HUXLEY.

Poetry. *Heretofore* The Saturday Review of Literature *has shown its interest in the poets north of the Undefended Border in our sister country of Canada. But we have also recently realized that a new and exciting group of poets were exhibiting their talents Down Under, and the work of such poets, published in Sydney and Melbourne, is estimated here. Our own American poet Langston Hughes, together with Arna Bontemps, librarian of Fisk University in Nashville, has recently brought out a new kind of anthology. Titled "The Poetry of the Negro," it takes in the whole of that race's lyric talent since 1746. Among the 147 poets represented are many Caribbean contributions, as well as Caucasian, on Negro life. Appraised immediately below is Mr. Hughes's latest work, "One-Way Ticket." Farther along in this section, a new collection by Carleton Drewry, "The Sounding Summer," is reviewed.*

Old Forms, Old Rhythms, Old Words

ONE-WAY TICKET. By Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 136 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by J. SAUNDERS REDDING

IT IS a tribute to Langston Hughes's earlier accomplishments that his reputation continues undimmed by verse which of late is often jejune and iterative. Intellectual recognition of the thinning out of his creativeness is inescapable, but emotional acceptance of the fact comes hard. An old loving admiration simply will not die. It is not easy to say that a favorite poet's latest book is a sorry falling off. It is not easy to declare that "One-Way Ticket" is stale, flat, and spiritless.

The reason for this dull level of lifelessness has a simple explanation: Hughes harks back to a youthfulness that is no longer green. He has long since matured beyond the limited expressive capacity of the idiom he uses in "One-Way Ticket." It is many a year since he was the naive and elemental lyrist of "The Weary Blues" and the folklike story-teller of "The Ways of White Folks." In mind, emotion, and spirit (and in time, space, and event as well) he has traveled a "far piece," and he has not traveled in circles. The old forms, the old rhythms, the old moods cannot encompass the things he sees and understands and loves and hates now.

While Hughes's rejection of his own growth shows an admirable loyalty to his self-commitment as the poet of the "simple, Negro common-folk"—the peasant, the laborer, the city slum-dweller—, it does a disservice to his art. And of course the fact is that Langston Hughes is not now, nor ever truly was one of the simple, common people. Back in the Twenties and Thirties, his sympathy for them had the blunt, passionate forthrightness of all youthful outpourings of emotion, but lately that sympathy seems a bit disingenuous and a bit strained, like a conversation between old acquaintances who have had no mutual points of reference in a dozen years.

As an example of the artful use of folk idiom and folk rhythm, "One-Way Ticket" will interest those who know only this volume of the author's work, but it will disappoint those who remember the beauty and brilliance of "The Dream Keeper" and "Fields of Wonder."

J. Saunders Redding, author of "To Make a Poet Black," is with the Communications Center of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.

—*From the book.*

"Silhouette."

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Audacity from the Antipodes

AUSTRALIAN POETRY 1947. Selected by Frederick T. Maccartney. Sydney: Angus & Robertson. 1948. 70 *pp.* 6s.

NOTES FROM A JOURNEY. By Harry Roskolenko. Melbourne: The Meanjin Press. 1948. 46 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by A. M. SULLIVAN

IT IS quite possible that the next lift of the pulse of poetry will come from the land Down Under. Some of the audacity of idea and language that marked the Chicago rebellion of 1912 is seen in this group of poets presented by Frederick T. Maccartney in a brief sample of Australian poets for the year of 1947. This is the seventh year of Maccartney's selections, and the continuing progress of the Australian bards is evident. The American reader is hampered by the occasional use of antipodean epithet, but the new phrases add a zest to the encounter with new poets, new surroundings, and sometimes a new approach to the ancient verities. In "Eclogue" by John Philips there is a fumbling, insistent rhetoric that somehow registers a genuine poetic effect:

Through sparrow-spangled, magpie-musicked mist I ride,
A dead man's bike clip on my shin;

and concluding:

—fresh furrows cut to take
the autumn's rain, and make of earth the mad
negative leopard I always knew she was.

Mary Finnin has an expressive imagery and a sense of music that derives from a Celtic tradition. Her theme "Dust" is as old as death itself, but she evokes an emotion deeply felt, and freshly stated,

Better these specks that grit the eye of thought
Be dust that gave a cherry-tree to bees
Be dust that lives in fetters to the grass,

Image, invective, and epithet are different and often arresting as in Ernest G. Moll's "Surf Song" with—

clad in a rag of laughter, you have flung
your beauty;

Peter Hopegood is daring in idea. His poem "Overheard in a Bakehouse" opens with a line somewhat reminiscent of "The Vision of MacConglinne," a medieval Irish satire.

I am loaf, son of Bread
and to myself I have said
Mine is a glorious destiny.

It is the story of the thirteenth loaf, an effective parable.

* * *

THE Pacific war sent a number of our younger poets through the barriers of distance to Melbourne and Sydney, where they met some of the Down-Under writers. Harry Roskolenko is one of the energetic young men who reports on his journeys in a sheaf of poems, "Notes from a Journey," which are rewarding in the shorter lyrics and somewhat aggravating in the gossipy, informative satires which toss irreverent bouquets and brickbats at a gallery of bards, Australian, English, and American. The conversation is a stream of random criticism, some jibes being sharp to the target, others missing the mark, or bruising it clumsily. Roskolenko is a victim of his own wealth of words, racy rhetoric, and vigorous ideas. He has the talent for better work when he is willing to discipline his muse. The "Aftermath," one of his better poems, is a criticism of defunct national spirit and ineptitude. It begins:

Why do the nations burst amid the autumn flowers?
O plowman of change, there is only winter now
The graves are new and in every modern town
Madness wears a moral gown.

One of the more appealing poems in this collection is a tender lyric, wearing the title of "Little Song," which shows a fundamental sympathy with humanity, and some faith in a future for the race. In his "Portrait" of modern man, who is synthetic, formalized, mediocre, we observe:

In the tick of his heart is the clock of reason:
The springs rusting from last year's rains.

Quiet Music

THE SOUNDING SUMMER. By Carleton Drewry. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 64 *pp.* $2.75.

SOME poets have a flair for making news, more than reputations. Some in a lifetime gather a neat harvest of poems and are neglected in the clamor attending the bards of greater or lesser ability who have the knack of attracting public attention.

Carleton Drewry is entitled to more recognition than he has received. He is a lyric poet of high craftsmanship, whose work has appeared for the most part in the little magazines, *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, Voices,* and the *Lyric.* His better poems are marked by a clear philosophic concept, and a sober spiritual intention. His less successful poems are inclined to be conceits, and reveal the pat phrase of an easy rhetoric as

The cumbrous dawn will weigh
Upon the sagging day,

but at his best, and the level is consistently high, Carleton Drewry is a commendable lyric poet, a maker of quiet music, and the unusual epithet, such as,

In August, autumnal turning, bronze side of the body of summer,
The shuttling of jar-flies shortens in the trees, slows with the worn wheel of the season.

—A. M. S.

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DO WE KNOW THE CHINESE?

(Continued from page 10)

pure white curtain across one end of it, beyond which in no lesser image than the presence of nature and the imagination of man dwelt the source, the godhead. A Japanese nobleman is said once to have flouted even this much of what he deemed superstition by flipping aside an edge of the curtain with his cane to show that behind it there was nothing; and the worshippers present, though they were commoners, are said to have torn his rash body apart. Hara-kiri, sacrificial suicide among the Japanese, we have dismissed, as an uncouth and barbarous practice, forgetting that these victims are scapegoats and that the major religion of the West has come to be based on the idea of vicarious atonement, on the sacrificial suicide of a king's son for the salvation or purification of his father's subjects.

Many years ago I received a letter from Dr. Lucius Porter of Yenching University in Peking, a missionary-professor with whom I had become friends on my first trip. In it he wrote: "We are trying to help Westerners realize the flatness of their intellectual geography. Isn't it curious how we believe we are fully educated if we know something about the origin and development of movements of the stream of Western culture without realizing that the stream of Chinese culture has run through the history of mankind with strength and fulness and life-giving for many millions? I am trying to lead a few Westerners to venture with me on a sort of Columbus voyage, to discover that, after all, mankind lives spherically and not nationally or even hemispherically." A woman missionary had told me earlier that she despaired of possible growth in the West for the Kingdom of the real Christ, that the true soil for it was in China. I wonder if she meant that Lao-tse and Confucius had already planted the spirit of Jesus and that there was no need of a Christian Empire. Many missionaries in the Orient have been doing double work, work in two directions, work for the East and work for the West. Dr. Porter was aware of the need of this a quarter-century ago. Pearl Buck, Lin Yutang, and others have followed him with realization that as much missionary work is due here as in the Orient, perhaps more.

In 1917 a Chinese student guided me around Hangchow and Lake Si Wu, where Marco Polo was once governor, where a bridge is still named for him, and where a gilded image of him sits among other saints in one of the temples, looking, like all of them, happier than our saints, though odd with his lush beard. Nieh Shih-chang was fairly far along in the study of English as well as in the wisdom of his race and when I said to him, "If you Chinese chose to organize and direct your man-power, your genius, your endurance, you could conquer the world," he replied, "We did it once. Why should we do it again?" He was right that they had done it once. Like Germany yesterday, China in the time of Genghis Khan had been a wind of fury on the earth, a blind power of destruction over territory far wider than Hitler's reach. "Genghis Khan," according to Henry Hart, "captured the Persian city of Termed, and left it a city of one million and a half corpses. At Nishapur not even domestic animals, cats, or dogs were spared. A mountain of skulls smoked into the sky. When he died in 1227 he ruled the largest empire in the world, no man a larger before or since, and left over eighteen million human corpses in Asia alone as a memorial. The Mongol flood washed the walls of Prague and looked toward a supine Europe." But in the minds of even its youngsters twenty-five years ago, China had learned.

Japan had not learned. Three years later, when Japan was making her infamous Twenty-one Demands on China, I exclaimed to another Chinese student, "If you don't take care, the Japanese will conquer you." "But if they do," said he, "in at most another thousand years we'll conquer them." George Santayana philosophizes: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it"; but I do not think my friend meant repetition of conquest in the manner of Genghis Khan.

TIMES have changed since a quarter-century ago. Though I doubt if the philosophy and practice upon which internationalism is bred can ever die in China, nationalism has lately been encouraged again by Chinese leaders as well as by Western influence. Nationalism has been forced upon her by overwhelming outer powers of evil against which, at least temporarily, it has had to be used as a defense for mere human and decent survival. Philosophy can face man better than it can face machines. And man for a while in the world is subdued to machines.

They almost do his thinking. I do not believe, however, that machinery will fare any better in trying to conquer China than man has fared. And Chinese wisdom will survive these few Westernized decades as serenely as it has survived the preceding forty centuries.

In a poll taken in 1943, chiefly among young Chinese in West China, out of 11,262 replies 58.1 per cent were in favor of giving a beaten Japan a position of equality. Some of them may well have realized the successful dignity with which Japan had for years resisted Western intrusion in the Orient, may have appreciated the accomplishment of the one Eastern country which had been able to preserve its property from Western greed and its independence from Western trespass. When we are angered by Japan's recent course, which began as defensive and became offensive, which began as nationalistic and became imperialistic, we should not fail to remember that we of the West set the pattern. Rabindranath Tagore remarked twenty years ago, "You Westerners have made Japan over in your own image and now you are afraid of her." The Chinese are not finally afraid of her. Beyond this war, Chinese philosophy — bits of which I have quoted from the two students—will live profound in other students, perhaps in students from the West.

These students, my young Chinese friends, for example, were aware of their continuous participation in the past, the present, and the future. Though strongly individualistic, yet they felt connected with the whole growth of life, not only with their living kin but with their dead ancestors and with their unborn descendants as with a single stream. We Westerners try to get things done in a hurry, as though life were forever ending with the death of each of us. Another lesson the Chinese have learned is that to conquer a race with arms is less important than to conquer it with thought, with

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An eye-witness account of our get-soft-with-Germany policy

Ira A. Hirschmann

THIS IS AN ANGRY BOOK about the most important subject in the world today: *whether or not we can live at peace in what remains of this war-torn century.* "Once war was a game of flaming swords and brilliant uniforms, fought on distant battlefields. Now, the battlefield is the whole world. One child, speechless from torment and terror, utters more truth than the bombast of all the speeches of diplomats. Who will hear him?" During Ira Hirschmann's two trips to Europe in 1946 to investigate the condition and prospects of Displaced Persons for UNRRA, he heard these children, and he heard parents who will never see their children again. He learned many dreadful things about the tragedies behind the initials DP—and he saw forces at work that will multiply these tragedies unless they are checked, now.

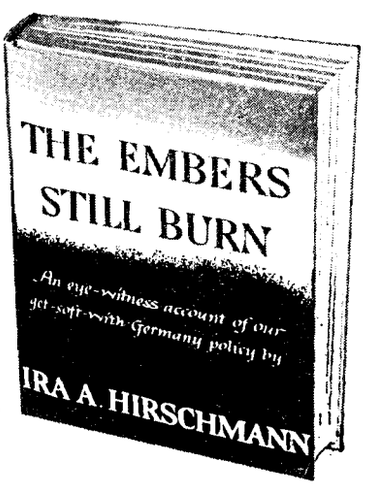
The Embers Still Burn was written to warn the American people. It is a disturbing book, but every word of it is based on facts that are officially known, or on the author's own experiences as LaGuardia's trouble-shooter in Europe and Asia. The author believes that though peace without appeasement is possible, our politicians, industrialists and the press are making this difficult or impossible.

Our foreign policy is based on the fear that, either by invasion or by infiltration. Russia is attempting to dominate the world. Russian leaders, on the other hand, fear that the United States is attempting to destroy the political and economic structure of the Soviet Union. The key to the future is in the hands of these two giants of the earth.

The Embers Still Burn was written to flash the danger signals of the next war. It *can* be avoided Ira Hirschmann reveals, in its angry pages, just how it can be done.

THE EMBERS STILL BURN

by Ira A. Hirschmann



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character, with humanness. They know also that before there can be lasting conquest of others, whether by arms or by character, there must be mastery of self. They know that they have not as yet mastered themselves. Too many of us in the West have even failed to consider whether or not we have lives worth mastering, we are so busy mastering machines.

Names, phrases, labels are of little significance — monarchy, democracy, republic, commune — as compared with the spirit of a people which, through any form of government, is what actually and finally governs. China might seem to us to have a chaotic civilization; but a chaotic civilization may, after all, be a higher reach of spirit than a mechanized civilization. This is what we of the West are a stubbornly long time in understanding. We impose mechanical benefits and expect thanks for displacing an imaginative life with a literal existence.

"That's all very well," you might say, "but something must be wrong with a people who continue in a state of cruel anarchy, with self-seeking war-lords at the top and filthy ignorant beggars at the bottom." As to the doings of war-lords or economic masters, can the Western world bring accusation? As to hygienic conditions and literacy, China has managed in the last decade, for all the heavy grind of war, a marked betterment. Dr. V. K. Wellington reports that "despite the lack of books and pens, some seventy million more people have learned to read and write during the war years." We might note, moreover, that a touch of earth does not in itself seem to a Chinese unclean. He might live longer and with more neighbors, if given wholesale sanitary improvements; he might also, in that event, seek room for his cleanliness in other countries and very scientifically soil the earth with blood.

In the present Western world, country after country presents the spectacle of the state overwhelming the individual, whether by pretended majority rule, by collective financial power, by military dictatorship, or by sheer lunacy. In China, even to this day, in spite of the invasion of machinery, materialistic education, foreign money, and a stress of nationalistic fervor necessitated by the moment, the individual survives.

Hitler had not learned, nor had Hirohito, that without free individuals there cannot be an enduring state. Social, cultural, and mechanical standardization in the Western world, at least for a while, gives less and less opportunity for individuals to maintain their individualism. The unreality we call "the state" interferes not only with their lives but with their thought. This mythical compulsion has always been active in Japan. In China, on the other hand, the reality of individualism has continually exposed the unreality of the state. Among the most distinguished figures in Chinese history, from earliest to latest times, have been men individual enough and brave enough to voice constructive complaint against the government. Such citizen-statesmen have often been officially punished; but they have counted and conquered, century after century, with the mass of individuals who compose the public.

IN SHANGHAI I met Dr. Sun Yat-sen, better known then as Sun Wen. On entering his study I was at first struck with amusement to see him standing as with his back to a tailor's mirror. On the walls behind him and flanking him hung three huge chromos of himself. But I was quickly brought to attention by the impressive simplicity of the man who had selflessly renounced the presidency to Yuan Shih-kai; and then, as interpreters translated his hopes and plans for China, I was caught along by his eager gravity. Sun's initial role in the democratic development of his country had been political; but at this period, ten years after the Revolution, he was deeply concerned with the economic aspects of democracy's development. He drew me a diagram: more a poet's diagram than a painter's. It was a circular pattern spoked like a wheel but with hollow tubes. Up to the outer ends of the tubes came images of farmers, artisans, producers of all kinds, and—following his brush—each group poured its product into an appointed pipe. The hub of the wheel was a governmental clearing-house, an official concentration of all middlemen, where the products were assessed and where tokens were handed out, stamped as of this or that worth according to current values of supply and demand. Then the products were passed through the clearing-house

The Cloud

By Evelyn Ames

ALL DAY tumultuous tides of air had been making
And re-making tremendous formations: above green walls
Of tossing leaves one kept coming upon them, breaking
Upward to thousands of feet in towers and halls,
Falling off into chasms, erecting clerestories where light
Rayed through. There were only these wonderful forms,—no sky—
But immense convolutions and continents, full-blown and white
Against which a four-engined plane seemed a dragonfly.

At sunset it suddenly cleared. (Like music stopping,
But of course there had been no music, not one note heard)
With the air like a sapphire lake and the wind dropping,
Small sounds returned,—the rustling haste of a bird
On evening errands, the notes of a song-sparrow's fountain.
Half-way to the garden, basket and shears in hand,
I saw that a single, towering, snow-covered mountain
Hung over the line of lindens that border our land.

A pennant of fog streamed from its blinding peak,—
Blown by who knows what wind at that altitude—
The great south wall of its massif rose up bleak,
Implacable, gray, as though a monsoon were being brewed
In its cauldron of cliffs. Two blue-white glaciers flowed
From the summit straight down to a circle of ramparts that ranged
To saw-toothed heights. In the sunset the whole mountain glowed
But for the five minutes I gazed not a contour changed.

It hung there, this mountain where no mountain was, and it turned
Our intimate farm to a wild, precarious place
Among cliffs and cataracts; each tree stood dwarfed and burned
In a fierce, apocalyptic light, and so close to the base
Of that peak a fence looked absurd, no boundaries sure;
The peonies like flames on their stems were an unheard cry
And the hedge-enclosed gardens and fields which had seemed so secure
Were no more than a few feet of sod on a slope in the sky.

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into pipes spoking out on the opposite side, where tokens were to be presented by this or that group for the stamped value's worth of supplies brought by other groups. In this poetic diagram there was a good deal of terse prophecy.

But this was governmental management of products rather than of people. Sun's other plans, as far as I could gather in an afternoon call, were decidedly toward popular management of the state, government ascending from below rather than descending from above. While we of the West may still somewhat incline to build our national structures on sand which has given way under earlier Western edifices, the Chinese may still stay wise enough to choose for their foundation the rock of individual thought, on which their racial structure has withstood already as many assaults as it may have to withstand again.

Confucian codes have led foreigners to believe that China is a country of basic and strict formalism. In manners, yes, there are conventions, many if not most of which have served usefully, being ethically founded. Confucius may have overestimated the importance of coded conduct; but Lao-tse is a deeper, more tacit element in Chinese character and conscience than Confucius, and in Confucius's own time, five hundred years before Jesus, Lao-tse—in this saying, as in the other eighty—was making an immortal plea for each individual microcosm of the cosmos:

Rid of formalized wisdom and learning
People would be a hundredfold happier,
Rid of conventionalized duty and honor
People would find their families dear,
Rid of legalized profiteering
People would have no thieves to fear.
Those methods have failed, all three.
Here is the way, it seems to me:
Set people free,
As deep in their hearts they would like to be
From private greeds
And wanton needs.

Dr. Ku Hu-ming put his firm finger on the secret of apparently imperishable Chinese individualism when he said that his race had developed the head of a man without losing the heart of a child. I have also heard him remark in foreign houses where, for his character and wit, he was very popular, "China will not be well as long as you Westerners are doctoring her."

The Western physician has doctored Japan and will do its best to doctor China, to treat it to death. But, by much evidence, China will refuse to die. While European civilization declines we Americans remain, to considerable degree, civilized only with our hands: good surgeons for the body and perhaps for the body politic. For the spirit there are better mediciners in an older civilization still deeply extant.

Witter Bynner, Brooklyn-born poet who now lives in Santa Fe, N. M., has traveled extensively in the Orient, particularly China. His translation, with Dr. Kiang Kang-hu, of the poems included in "The Jade Mountain" (1929) was the first volume of Chinese verse to be translated in full by an American poet.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Oscar Wilde. 2. Eleanor Wiley. 3. Charles Wolfe. 4. E. E. Cummings. 5. Alfred Noyes. 6. John Masefield. 7. Eugene Field. 8. Thomas Browne. 9. Robert Browning. 10. Robert Frost. 11. Rupert Hughes. 12. Thomas Gray. 13. Edgar Guest. 14. Conrad Aiken. 15. Edith Sitwell. 16. Thomas Hardy. 17. William Rose Benét. 18. Tristram Coffin. 19. Robert Graves. 20. John Dryden. 21. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 22. Julia Ward Howe. 23. Leigh Hunt. 24. Alfred Housman. 25. Jonathan Swift. 26. Padraic Colum. 27. Hart Crane. 28. John Gay. 29. Paul Fleming. 30. Robert Southey. 31. John Greenleaf Whittier. 32. Robert Burns. 33. Robert Bridges. 34. Beowulf. 35. Andrew Marvell. 36. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 37. Stephen Spender. 38. John Lyly. 39. John Donne. 40. Hilda Doolittle. 41. Thomas Moore. 42. Carolyn Wells. 43. William Wordsworth. 44. Ogden Nash. 45. John Still. 46. Geoffrey Chaucer. 47. John Fletcher. 48. George Peel. 49. Thomas Hood. 50. Bret Harte. 51. Ezra Pound. 52. George Russell. 53. John Drinkwater. 54. Rupert Brooke. 55. Edgar Lee Masters. 56. William Barnes. 57. William Henley. 58. William Cowper. 59. Charles Lamb. 60. John Suckling.

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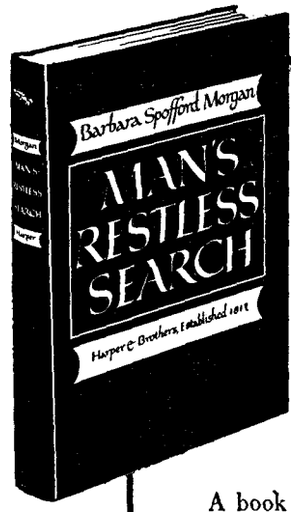

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MODERN MEN OF LETTERS

JOHN MARQUAND

HIS characters remember every word
They ever said, and everything they did.
Their youth comes back to haunt them, like a bird
Returning to a nest the leaves have hid.
His people clip their coupons, have affairs,
And wonder how they got the way they are.
They shave, or clean their teeth—or drop their cares
At twilight in some neon-lighted bar.

They live as much as anyone can live,
For Marquand likes to write the life he knows.
His eye is keen, and he can always give
The realest touch to any kind of pose.
He dips his pen in acid and in milk
And smoothly writes the words on shining silk.

WILLIAM FAULKNER

A LUNATIC, some incest here and there,
An idiot, some murder, and some rape—
These are the items on the bill of fare
Prepared by Faulkner. Nothing will escape
If it be horrible, or dead, or dying.
For him no mocking-bird that wakes and sings;
But only voices in a nightmare crying;
And over all, the flap of buzzards' wings.

No sun of sanity can filter through
To light the tangle of this jungle-land
Wherein all creatures do the things they do
As if impelled by some gigantic hand
That makes the pattern of their lives a scrawl
Scribbled in haste upon a privy wall.

THOMAS WOLFE

THROUGH all the mass of words that roar and sing,
The words that cry their author's deep self-pity,
He writes *himself*, describes each pain and sting,
Each new emotion, sights in each new city.
How strange that he should ever try disguise,
With that great voice exploding like a bomb!
How could he think that in a reader's eyes
Eugene or George could ever be but Tom?

The books he left are spears to conquer death,
For life is pulsing there on every page.
His words bespeak a man who still has breath,
A soul alive in this or any age,
Who, lost and lonely, wanders unafraid
Among the mazes of the world he made.

—ELEANOR GRAHAM VANCE.

* * *

In answer to my long-ago plea for a poetical tribute to librarians, Mrs. Jane Lightfoot Beaumont, of Penn Yan, N. Y., sends me the following that my brother read to members of the United Staff Association of Public Libraries at a Sunday night dinner given in their honor at the Hotel Commodore in 1931:

HYMN OF A REVELER TO THE NEW YORK CITY LIBRARIANS

I've lost my card a dozen times
And plaintively explained,
I've penciled little ends of rhymes
In books I then obtained.
I've driven busy ladies mad
With idiotic queries
About the site of Old Bagdad
And who won the World's Series.

I've eaten nuts and been reproved
In Central Circulation,
And every branch where I have moved
Has known my devastation.
I've sat on three new magazines
While reading yet another
And shown myself, like Gaston Means,
A reader and a brother.

Yet even with my evil looks
And somewhat worse demeanor,
(It is not fair to borrow books
While you have scarlatina.
It is not right to scribble "Bosh"
In love scenes—that is selfish.
It is not just to murmur "Gosh!
What, not *one* book on shellfish?")

For books you found—and books I lost—
For aid and comfort given
Without reward or end or cost
Unless it be in heaven,
For priceless clues that I had missed,
For fact unlinked with myth,
("I want a book. It's by a man . . .
I think his name is Smith.")

I here express—in platitude—
But platitudes are true,
One reader's heartfelt gratitude
To every one of you.
I've bothered you exceedingly,
I've often caused you pain,
And just as soon as I need help
I'll bother you again.

God bless the Lenox, Astor, Tilden Foundation, wise and true,
God bless each branch and every buildin'
And all that cleaves thereto.
While, for the guardians of them, may
They mount to golden Zions
After the burden of the day—
And do, God, bless the lions!

—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT.

* * *

I thank Frances R. Rideout for another delightful letter. In commenting upon what I said of the house, the "Naulahka," she says a true word: "No one who wasn't young just before and after 1900 can possibly understand what Kipling meant to us then." And she doesn't think anybody has ever bettered a story of his called "Marklake Witches." Indeed, I doubt that few writers of today could have bettered the passage in "The Naulahka" itself, where Nick Tarvin rides on the hard-souled Fibby to find the city of the dead and the "Cow's Mouth":

> Tall-built, sharp-domed palaces, flushing to the color of blood, revealed the horror of their emptiness, and glared at the day that pierced them through and through.

The clean, precise writing still stands up after fifty-seven years, and the tragedy of the mother of the Maharaj Kunwar is still as moving as it was in the early Nineties. Yet this is not one of his famous books, and a collaboration. But we instinctively know when, in the narrative, the master-hand takes hold, converting what might have been a mere seaside or journeycake novel into—for a space—literature. Also it has been often repeated that Kipling had no real sympathy with the East and only an insular Briton's view of India. True, he saw the seamy side of native life and the incredible follies of native rulers and witch-doctors, but the sympathy and understanding are here as well; for "Mother India" is a strange land indeed, and, even now, not to be known in all its complexities of innocence and cruelty by the merely brash and naively confident Western mind.

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÈT.

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The Film Forum

PUBLIC HEALTH

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

THIS WAY TO NURSING

Produced and distributed by Emerson Yorke Studio, 35 W. 45th St., New York 18, N. Y. For sale only: $75.

The continuing demand for new nurses prompted Emerson Yorke to make this film with his own funds; its success as a business venture depends on the number of prints he is able to sell, but its value as a public service to relieve a dreadful shortage overshadows its commercial aspects. This non-commercial, unsponsored film has the official endorsement of the United States Public Health Service, the National Committee on Careers in Nursing, and the Recruitment Committee of the American Hospital Association. The film, while it is designed to show the theoretical and practical instruction given at an accredited school of nursing (in this case at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York), is frankly an appeal to the young women on whom the future of nursing depends—the students of nursing. The message is important, the content has been supervised by experts in the medical profession, and the film itself is proficient.

—A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

STARTING LINE

Sponsored by the State of Virginia Health Department in cooperation with the U. S. Children's Bureau. Produced by the Southern Educational Film Production Service, Athens, Ga. Available from your State Health Dept. (18 mins.)

The three remaining films reviewed on this page form a planned series designed to cover three important areas of child welfare. Each stresses the medical problems involved, the relation of the parents to the sick child, and the responsibility of the local community in getting adequate health services organized.

The problem in "Starting Line" is the treatment of premature birth. Forty-six per cent of the babies who die during the first month of life die as a result of prematurity. Seven per cent of all babies are born prematurely. These figures throw into sharp relief the importance of the treatment to be obtained at such centers as that of St. Francis Hospital, Peoria, Ill., where most of this film was shot.

The layman will watch with interest the elaborate methods of maintaining the premature infant under even and sterilized atmospheric conditions, and of feeding it when it is incapable of feeding itself. When the infant reaches the weight of five and a half pounds, it is considered to have been brought up to normal, irrespective of how long this has taken. The child can then safely be returned to its parents.

"Starting Line" is recommended to all social groups interested in learning how the large loss of life due to premature birth can be checked.

WE SEE THEM THROUGH

Sponsorship, production, and availability as above. (19 mins.)

This companion film is devoted to the community treatment of rheumatic fever. Picking out a typical small town, it shows how certain children are marked out to the observant eye by their listlessness and lack of interest in games and classes as possible sufferers from rheumatic fever. Half a million people in the U. S. are known to suffer from the disease or its effects, striking most often at school-age children. Little is known about the causes of rheumatic fever, and it cannot be cured by any specific drug or antitoxin. But effective treatment exists. Early and progressive remedial measures are therefore most important to take, if children are to be spared rheumatic fever and its consequences.

This film takes us to Providence, Rhode Island, and its neighboring communities, where an intensive educational campaign has led to the early diagnosis of rheumatic fever and its treatment in special clinics. Finally, in the Crawford Allen Hospital, we see how the long stages of convalescence can be turned to the child's advantage.

FIRST AS A CHILD

Sponsorship and availability as above. Produced by The World Today, Inc. (22 mins.)

This sensitive study of crippled children shows how orthopedic cases are treated with proper regard to the child's psychology and his home life. All too often the crippled child has been regarded by his playmates as an object of derision, and by his parents and teachers as a hopeless case who can never lead a full life.

Singling out a twelve-year-old boy, Alexander, who has been lamed as a result of an injury, the film shows how the public health nurse and social welfare worker cooperate to overcome the parents' natural reluctance to try further medical treatment, and explain how the community will bear most of its cost since they cannot afford to pay it. Alexander, too, benefits from this humane and understanding approach. In the hospital his mind is taken off the unpleasant prospect of another operation, and the foster-home to which he goes for convalescence keeps him in touch with his own family.

The film broadens out at the end to show how much remains to be done if all our crippled children are to receive the capable and kindly treatment Alexander had.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER BUTTONED UP *Paul A. Holmes* (Dutton: $2.50)	Murder of newspaper publisher in his office followed by slayings of ad mgr. and circulation ditto. Penetrative reporter solves it.	Newspaper atmosphere well handled. Hard-drinking reporter competently portrayed. Tale is fast paced but solution must be taken on faith.	Fair
CHORD IN CRIMSON *Dale Gallagher* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Girl skip-tracer hunts missing society scion in bebop niteries of N. Y. and Phila., encountering murder en route — which she solves.	Tangled and turbulent emotions of various members of aristocratic and high-strung clan given thorough sifting in swift and baffling yarn.	Good
MURDER AND MYSTERY IN NEW MEXICO *Erna Fergusson* (Merle Armitage: $3.50)	Nine bloodthirsty factual tales of killings, historic and contemporary, in Southwest — including sympathetically revealing piece on Billy the Kid.	Handsomely printed (though trifle too doggone arty) volume is well packed with excitement, mystery, and sharp portraits of tough hombres.	For *aficionados*
NOT NEGOTIABLE *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Strange doings in Belgian cafe plunge inquisitive Tommy Hambleton into dangerous search for murderous counterfeiters in Brussels and Paris.	Possibly a bit "thinner" than earlier Hambleton yarns, but adequately amusing, violent, thrilling, knowledgeable — and excellently written.	Recommended
DARK ABYSS *Clifford Knight* (Dutton: $2.50)	Palm Springs wife gets rid of epileptic husband but has to kill two more before trip to Bermuda seems advisable.	Beyond demonstrating that deep freezes are unsatisfactory as cadaver carriers this follows lines that are fairly familiar.	Below par
SAINT ERRANT *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Simon Templar rescues, punishes, assists, or avenges nine ladies in ditto number of typical Saint "long-shorts."	Delicious, devastating, and devilish frails featured in trickily plotted tales mainly rescued from the pulps —including "Thrilling Wonder Stories."	For Saint devotees
NO TRAVELER RETURNS *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Old New York State inn scene of three murders by used-car racketeers. Local sleuth with Intelligence Dept. background takes over.	Beginning and ending are hackle-raising but intervening chapters seem rather thin and casual.	Average
A ROPE FOR THE BARON *Anthony Norton* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	John (Baron) Mannering defies warnings of death, invades sinister English manor, gets jools, rescues gals, captures killers.	Saint-ish sort of yarn, complete with chases, corpses, secret passages, comical cockney, and ultra-resourceful hero.	Fair
FRAMED IN GUILT *Day Keene* (Mill: $2.50)	Top Hollywood scenarist finds himself in tough spot over slaying of English girl—until more murders occur and detectives have doubts.	Good plot, apparently authentic background, interesting characters, and rather sketchy writing. Would make good "B" picture.	Agreeable
THE CASE OF THE LITTLE DOCTOR *Hilda Lewis* (Random House: $2.50)	Fictional retelling of Crippen case with all the emotional stops pulled 'way, 'way out.	Shows what a first-class novelist can do with penetrating possible motives that may have lurked behind famous *crime passionel.*	Good job of writing

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
DVORÁK, SYMPHONY #5 ("NEW WORLD"). Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orch. RCA Victor DV 25 (5 *pl.*) *Comparison:* (SAME.) All-American Youth Orch. Stokowski (Prewar). Columbia MM (416 (5)	Astonishing technical difference betw. these in tonal range, but far more in liveness and "presence." Wonderful illustration of progress in the *art* of realistic recording in the U.S. Old version is thin, distant, mealy. New, one of top-rank series, this orch., made 1947, is tremendously full, round, wide, near.	Same interpretation in both; this is Stoky's meat and he does it brown. But All-American was a feeble orchestra, even in this, about its best recorded job; the new orch. plays far better, has enormously improved recording. I'd call this album definitive.

Long Playing (LP) Reissues of interest: Ravel, Quartet in F, Budapest Quartet (ML 4091). Sibelius, Symphony #7, N. Y. Philh. Beecham; Wagner, "Siegfried Idyll," N. Y. Philh. Rodzinski (ML 4086). Shostakovitch, Symphony #1, Cleveland Orch. Rodzinski (ML 4101). Kabalevsky, "The Comedians"; Lecocq, Mlle. Angot Suite, N. Y. Philh. Kurtz (ML 4083). Beethoven, Quartets Opus 18, #2; 95, Budapest Quartet (ML 4073) Debussy, "La Demoiselle Elue"; Ravel, Piano Concerto for Left Hand, Sayao, Nadell; Casadesus, Phila. Orch. Ormandy (ML 4075). Puccini, "La Bohême" (Complete), Met. Opera Co. (SL 1). Dvorák, Slavonic Dances, Cleveland Orch. Szell (ML 2023). Brahms, Piano Concerto #1, Serkin, Pittsburgh Symph. Reiner (ML 4100). Mozart, Two-Piano Concerto, K. 365; Three-Piano Concerto, K. 242. Vronsky and Babin, Lhevinne, Robin Hood Dell, Little Orchs. (ML 4098). Square Dances—Carson Robison & His Old Timers (CL 6029).

THE WAR IS ON

BY THE time this is in print the RCA Victor "third type" of record will be official, with its associated equipment, not interchangeable with the Columbia LP. Though the details are widely rumored at this pre-announcement time of writing, I'll have to grant Victor's correctness in suggesting that comment should await the new record's formal introduction. Said comment will appear, therefore, in coming *SRL* issues. Suffice it to say at this point that the two competing record systems do undoubtedly represent honest differences of opinion, backed up by enormous resources. Moreover, it may be that the two systems will not compete quite as head-on as may have seemed probable, thanks to practical differences in their usefulness. It is a tragedy, I say again, that we must have two systems in addition to the old. One company was in the field first; the other, with some logic, says may the better system win, regardless of which came first; give both a chance. Whatever the arguments, there is the fact of a war.

Meanwhile an exciting post-holiday period has brought several other sensations, announced but not yet available. Mercury launches a complete line of LP records, playable on Columbia-type equipment, both popular and classical, with the biggest news a super-LP twelve-inch record that will play as long as one hour and twenty minutes! The record, again, works on present LP equipment; the increased length is due to an ingenious groove spacing device. Mercury claims high quality, in spite of the length, and a tonal range exceeding present LP records. We shall see about that—but at this point one wonders mildly how many musical works can be found, aside from opera, to make use of such astonishing playing time! In addition to the Mercury line there are the new Columbia seven-inch short-playing microgroove records that will cover the popular field and the many shorter classical works that do not need the full LP length, using the present LP equipment. The price is proportionately lower than the standard shellac. One more company will enter the LP field soon with records somewhat shorter in playing time than the Columbia's (making high quality technically easier to achieve). This column will duly report on all of these as they are received.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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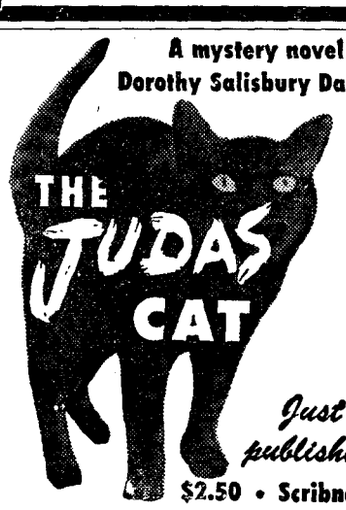

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Seeing Things

SUDDEN AS IT FLIES

DID an extinct race of parents, more authoritative and gifted in the art of self-defense than the present tribe, once insist that children should be seen and not heard? Often I have wondered if musical shows should be seen and enjoyed but not written about at all. Although they can provide the gayest of evenings, as a rule they supply the dullest of copy.

As one who over the lengthening years has reviewed hundreds of such shows, and unwittingly done the scantest justice to the delights afforded by the best of them, I write this with feeling. It is a feeling which at this moment has almost hardened into a conviction. Why just now? Because, having recently sat before and relished "Kiss Me, Kate,"* I find myself at present confronted with the dilemma of trying to re-create its quality in print.

As a reviewer, my dilemma is not exceptional. All my colleagues have faced it; most of them, in my manner, have been defeated by it. In the case of a traditional musical, however expert, the lucky playgoers are those who do not have to review it. Theirs not to reason why; theirs only to enjoy or cry. But for those of us who must rationalize our enjoyment and give credit everywhere it is due, what was a pleasure in the theatre can become a problem at the typewriter.

The great zanies, the high-voltaged personalities, the privileged exceptions—the people like Bobby Clark, Ethel Merman, Beatrice Lillie, Jimmy Durante, Ed Wynn, or Victor Moore—are a joy to write about. They are ready-made copy. Being "characters" and unmistakable "characters," they lend themselves to character sketches. Such sketches, for those who write, are not only fun to do but are meat for the writer. Musicals alive with political significance, innovational in their methods, or satiric in their approach to society, are no less susceptible to being reviewed with ease and even with fairness. But the musical such as "Kiss Me, Kate," which does not explore new territory, which does the old thing smoothly and brilliantly yet with the illusion of novelty, and which seeks only to be entertaining and succeeds in being precisely that, is as hard on critics as it is easy on audiences.

The delights of a good evening fade into the bromides of a thank-you note. A carnival shrinks into a catalogue; a feast into a menu. What was served hot is re-served cold. What was lively turns deadly. What was gay, fluid, and free tends in print to become dull, frozen, and perfunctory.

The violent dance routines lose their rhythm in the tired sentences describing them. The songs, so intoxicating when sung, go flat when transposed into humdrum adjectives. The evening, once all-conquering in its conviviality, bobs up as the stale morning-after reminders in the living room of last night's festivities. The young singer's spirit; the grace, beauty, and appeal of the leading lady; the color of the swirling costumes; the sudden darkenings of the stage for music cues, and the no less hurried swarmings of choruses, full of youth and frenzy; the jokes which are not funny when exchanged between two people but which are uproarious when released before a thousand; the comedian's eyebrow-liftings, tumblings, leers, and smirks which can convoy the feeblest jest to a safe harbor of laughter; the pace, ingenuity, or evanescent charm which such a costly jigsaw of production represents when successful—all these delights, potent as they can be when the curtain is up, relinquish their enchantment the moment it is down and they must be reduced to paragraphs.

There is a reason for this, as fortunately there are reasons for some things in this often irrational world. A. B. Walkley touched upon it soon after the century's turn when, at London's Royal Institution, he delivered those three fine lectures on "Dramatic Criticism" which were collected in book form.

Walkley knew, as every reviewer knows to his sorrow but as readers and performers are apt to forget, that there are certain types of plays or productions which, though they captivate audiences, confront critics with difficulties once they start to write about them. The material they supply is "unworkable." They offer no "purchase." They speak a language of their own which has little or nothing to do with the language of literature. Although Walkley did not mention musical comedies, he could have included them with the melodramas and farces which, as he saw it, "always come out worse on paper than on the boards."

The critic, pointed out Walkley, "is generally tempted to describe melodrama by the ironic method—which is a perfidy—and to narrate the plot of a farce is, at the best, to decant champagne." Walkley was aware that the "drama of ideas" is overpraised in print if for no other reason than that print is a good medium for ideas. "Criticism," said he, "being a form of literature, can do justice to the literary elements in drama." More often than not, however, it is at fault in dealing with those many other elements of the theatre which have nothing to do with literature or ideas but which can be vastly enjoyable.

—*Eileen Darby-Graphic House.*

Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison—"'Kiss Me, Kate' does not remind, provoke, explore, stir, or illuminate."

SAMUEL DANIEL, as Master of the Revels to James I's Queen Anne, anticipated Walkley by nearly 300 years in sensing the problems presented by the stage's transitory joys. In "Tethys Festival," with the short-lived but full pleasure of the court masque in mind, he counseled:

Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.
Feed apace then greedy eyes
On the wonder you behold.
Take it sudden as it flies
Though you take it not to hold:
Then when eyes have done
their part
Thought must length it in
the heart.

In the case of "Kiss Me, Kate" Daniel's advice, so admirable in its

**KISS ME, KATE, a new musical comedy. Music and lyrics by Cole Porter. Book by Bella and Samuel Spewack. Staged by John C. Wilson. Choreography by Hanya Holm. Settings and costumes by Lemuel Ayers. Musical director, Pembroke Davenport. Orchestrations by Robert Russell Bennett. Produced by Saint Subber and Mr. Ayers. With a cast including Alfred Drake, Patricia Morison, Harold Lang, Lisa Kirk, Harry Clark, Jack Diamond, Denis Green, Don Mayo, Annabelle Hill, etc. At the New Century. Opened December 30, 1948.*

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MICHAEL KANIN in association with ALDRICH & MYERS presents
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A New Comedy by FAY KANIN
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Directed by MR. WANAMAKER
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Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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THE SILVER WHISTLE
By Robert E. McEnroe
Directed by Paul Crabtree
BILTMORE Thea., W. 47. Mats. Thurs., Sat.

HENRY FONDA
in
Mister Roberts
A play by THOMAS HEGGEN & JOSHUA LOGAN
with DAVID WAYNE
ROBERT KEITH • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
ALVIN Thea., W. 52nd St., Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. & Sat.
NATIONAL COMPANY
Now—ERLANGER THEATRE, CHICAGO

Life with Mother
with DOROTHY STICKNEY HOWARD LINDSAY
EMPIRE, B'way & 40th St. Eves. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"FOUR ORCHIDS"—Walter Winchell
GILBERT MILLER & HENRY SHEREK present
ROBERT MORLEY • ADRIANNE ALLEN • IAN HUNTER
EDWARD, MY SON
by ROBERT MORLEY and NOEL LANGLEY
with LEUEEN MACGRATH
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:25 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

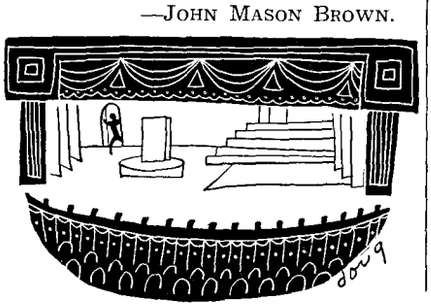
"take it sudden as it flies," breaks down only when he assures us that, our eyes having done their part, "thought must length it in the heart." The point, the delight of "Kiss Me, Kate" is that, though it fills the passing seconds delectably and leaves us with agreeable memories, it does not ask us to think.

It invites us to "feed apace" with ears and eyes both greedy and grateful on what is most bright and gay, "in a flash, and so away." In the place of thought it offers amusement. Its only profundity is its skill, which is enormous. Perhaps more accurately I should say its profundity lies in its skills because, as staged by John C. Wilson, they are many and brilliantly fused. "Kiss Me, Kate" does not remind, provoke, explore, stir, or illumine. It relaxes and captivates. Yet the relaxation it affords is exhilarating rather than enervating.

It is exhilarating because it keeps the senses employed. It does this in scene after scene, and number after number. It does this by the color and originality of Lemuel Ayers's settings and costumes. By the hilarious ingenuity of Cole Porter's lyrics and the beguilement of some of his best music. By the fresh charm of Hanya Holm's choreography. By the beauty, humor, and enchantment of Patricia Morison's and Lisa Kirk's singing and playing. By the incredible grace and agility of Harold Lang's dancing. By the true distinction and skill of such a singer-actor as Alfred Drake. By the uproarious softshoe routine indulged in by Harry Clark and Jack Diamond while singing "Brush Up Your Shakespeare." And by the ease, imagination, and flexibility of the book Bella and Samuel Spewack have written about an actor and an actress who, more than being starred in "The Taming of the Shrew," are a Petruchio and Katharine in their own private lives.

But there, as I feared, is the dreaded inventory, the dull listing of credits with no suggestion of qualities. However uncapturable these qualities may be in print, they are plentifully and happily present behind the footlights. Furthermore, it is certain that in "Kiss Me, Kate" they can be relished in their proper element for countless months to come.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.



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Music by KURT WEILL
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Choreography by MICHAEL KIDD
with
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THE PEOPLE WHO RUN AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 11)

production for plenty as in the case of old rich steel, the protections from wild prices and wild prejudices, too. He is only concerned with them now as details in the design for effective and meaningful democracy in our time. I think the people understand that, intuitively maybe but insistently too. Enough of them understood and in enough diversity to show not the power of pressure groups but of people as Americans. The vote of labor was effective only because unexpected votes came from the farm country to join it. No minorities came to him with the balance of power for victory from Harlem or The Bronx, Philadelphia or Detroit. He lost New York, but he carried Iowa. He did not need Byrd or Crump or Talmadge to take their state. His American purposes were more important than any American powers.

Basically, "the Truman Program" presented in the Truman speeches is the renewed and native expression of the American's now firmly fixed faith that his Government's function is to help him have the security and decency of which his country is capable. He has seldom heard of Marx except as a name for strange foreign and wicked ideas. But in a time in which the word "state" has been set up as one with which to frighten children and Republicans, the American turns to his Government with expectancy. His "state" does not terrify him. He believes that he can both give it powers and keep his freedoms. He believes that it can guard his security without sapping his strength. Above all, in an age in which socialization has new terrors, he is willing to entrust his Government with new social responsibilities without fear of the totalitarian exercise of them. He believes that he can make big government work for people without danger that people may be forced to work without freedom for government. Fundamentally, his faith is the slowly grown and confidently grown free, democratic compromise for the modern world. It stands squarely between the irresponsible possessors of great power whether they be the robber barons or the commissars, the gluttons of private privilege or the totalitarian possessors of the instruments of the state. It is faith in big government in the hands of free men.

Of course, this is not merely a "Truman Program." The crowds around the train, along the tracks, in the halls, in the cigarette-lit rows which spread up in the amphitheatres shaped that plan as much as any candidate now or in the past. It did not grow merely from the New Deal even if its first clear development may have come with FDR. He certainly did not think the New Deal up suddenly or by himself. Its roots were strong in the American backcountry in such places as Kansas and Missouri before Roosevelt was out of Groton. It was clearly not finally accomplished by Roosevelt. With the best luck Harry Truman will not completely accomplish its expected meaning for the American.

Actually it is the design for democracy in an age in which men more and more realize that political freedoms must be accompanied by social and economic assurances. Certainly, in a world beset by those who feel that hope must bypass freedom in order to find security, it has never been more important than now. It faces the phony promises of Communism with the clear possibilities of democracy. The task in leadership was never greater than that given Harry Truman. He meets it. He is both the product and the embodiment of the American faith which is set up more clearly now than ever as a faith for the world. In these speeches, swiftly collected in this book after their courageous speaking to American multitudes who refused to be convinced by the experts, he spoke that faith in the language of his countrymen. They listened, they laughed, they cheered, but they listened. They heard him give a Congress hell but they also heard him lift the American hope. And afterwards they voted. It does not exaggerate now to say that these speeches are — and were when they were heard — the expressions of the determinations in hope of a nation and not merely the political phrases of a man.

Of course, it is revolution. The important thing is that it provides a revolutionary dynamic for democracy and freedom in the world. In the best sense the American revolution has never halted. And the American ideal will be safe so long as it does not. Harry Truman and the Americans who share the faith he stated are determined that it will not come to a defensive, uncertain, or uncourageous stop in their time.

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The Breadwinner's Briefcase, 1948-49

MORE books were written last year dealing with how to get into heaven than how to make a living on earth. Books on religion and theology outnumbered those on business and economics. Numbers, however, don't tell the whole story. About 700 business-economic books were published last year—about the number that will appear this year. If you can stand four more sentences of statistics, of the 1948 crop, 250 dealt with such various phases as advertising, finance, labor relations, and managerial techniques. Purely technical books for engineers and other manipulators of the slide rule numbered 200. Our economic system, and those of some other countries, were viewed with alarm or pointed to with pride in 120 volumes, in a sixty-Left, forty-Right proportion. How-to-get-a-raise books, how-to-lift-yourself-by-the-bootstraps books, and other self-improvement guides numbered a hundred and rolled through the presses by scores of thousands.

How good were they? What services did they perform? What light did they shed on the most controversial subject of our day—laissez-faire or economic control?

Also, how many made sense? Here is the crux of the matter. If there is any truth, however slight, to the statement that businessmen don't read, too many of these books are reasons for their not doing so. The great need today is for clear, cogent writing in the economic field. Some businessmen-turned-author write in the "Miss-Smith-take-a-letter" style. Too many learned economists write for other learned economists and take in each other's intellectual washing. Here is a passage from a standard work on wages reprinted last year:

> When a market is not in equilibrium, costs of transference cannot be spread over an indefinite period. Even if it is certain that the change will be a change for the better, it is not certain (and indeed it is highly improbable) that the new position will long continue to be the best obtainable. It would be highly imprudent to change unless the cost of changing would be covered by the gain within quite a brief period. Costs of change, therefore, become a vastly more important influence on action than they would be under conditions of stationary equilibrium.

Would this gem of wisdom help you meet your payroll?

Popular economic education is going by default. One of the depressing facts about current business-economic literature is that so few books clearly explain the system under which we produce, buy, and sell. Most businessmen will assert at the drop of a hat that our system of economics is the best in the world, but few can explain *what* it is, or how it works. A man in the driver's seat doesn't have to look under the hood.

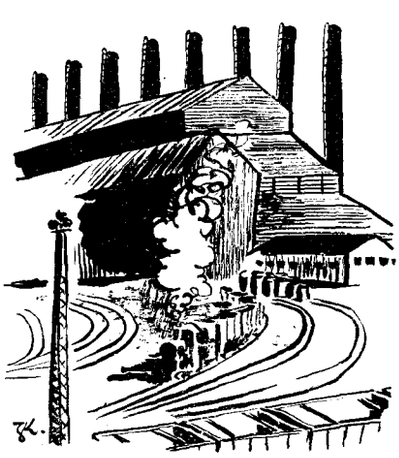
The art and science of business management sorely needs a useful literature. Too many books of last year, the year before that—and probably the year after this—come under this dull category:

1. Purely academic, the soporific jargon of the social sciences.
2. Mental patent medicines—think and grow rich.
3. Shrill and shallow left wing.
4. Fumbling and technical right wing.

What's the answer? There's no wave-of-the-hand solution. Nor can it be bought like a page of advertising. Mere quality production of subsidized books does not fill the need, though it might be preferable to the Choctaw which pedants turn out. But able explanation of the system under which big and little American business works should be fostered, not dictated. If business leadership is so sure of the preeminence of the system it is so desirous of preserving, it should encourage honest books which interpret it clearly. And so should publishers.

But we are no carriers of gloom. There have been good books in the past. There were more last year than the year before, and we expect to see more.

Let's look some of them over.



An outstanding candidate for 1948 business-book-of-the-year honors is "The American Economy" (Knopf), by Sumner H. Slichter, a balanced, provocative, and readable examination. Equally readable, even more provocative is "Ordeal by Planning" (Macmillan), by John Jewkes of Manchester University, England, whose appraisal of the British Labor Government experiment is the most devastating attack on economic planning which has appeared since Hayek's "Road to Serfdom." Comprehensive background reading relating to the Marshall plan is "The West at Bay," by Barbara Ward (Norton). This brilliant young editor of the London *Economist* describes the economic plight of Western Europe and what America's helping hand can do. Another important 1948 book in the field of practical economics is "Responsibilities of Business Leadership," (Harvard University Press), edited by Harwood F. Merrill. Six economic statesmen engage in an enlightened discussion of economic statesmanship's obligations of today.

Among promising titles and authors in the business-economic field scheduled for 1949 publication are the following:

Economics

"Human Action: A Treatise on Economics" (Yale University Press), by Ludwig Von Mises (August).

"The Economic Mind in American Civilization" (Viking), by Joseph Dorfman (March).

"The World in Transition" (Oxford), by G. D. H. Cole (February).

"Our National Debt" (Harcourt, Brace), by the Committee on Public Debt Policy (March).

"Controlling Factors in Economic Development" (Brookings Institution), by Harold G. Moulton (in preparation).

"Day of Judgment: The Political and Economic Challenge of the West" (Harper), by David Cushman Coyle (May).

"Domestic Monopoly" (Twentieth Century Fund), by George W. Stocking and Myron W. Watkins (in preparation).

"Money in a Maelstrom" (Macmillan), by J. W. Bergen (May).

"Maintaining Competition: Requisites of Governmental Policies" (McGraw-Hill), by Corwin D. Edwards.

"Government in Business" (Holt), by Marshal Dimock (April).

"State Intervention in Great Britain" (Columbia University Press), by S. J. Hurwitz (late January).

"Monetary Theory and Fiscal

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Policy" (McGraw-Hill), by Alvin Hansen.

Industrial Relations

"Labor in America" (Crowell), by Foster Rhea Dulles (April).

"Workers Wanted" (Harper), by E. William Noland and E. Wight Bakke (April).

"Making Work Human" (Antioch), by Glen Y. Cleeton (April).

"Foundations for Constructive Industrial Relations" (Funk & Wagnalls), by R. Carter Nyman (March).

"Labor in Norway" (Harvard University Press), by Walter Galenson (May).

History — Biography

"The Great Pierpont Morgan" (Harper), by Frederick Lewis Allen (March).

"The Epic of American Industry" (Harper), by James Blaine Walker (March).

"American Transportation in Prosperity and Depression" (National Bureau of Economic Research), by Thor Hultgren (late January).

"The Story of Tobacco in America" (Knopf), by Joseph C. Robert (April).

"The Electric Lamp Industry: Technological Change and Economic Development from 1800-1947" (Macmillan), by Arthur A. Bright, Jr. (March).

"The Development of the American Glass Industry" (Harvard University Press), by Pearce Davis (June).

—ROBERT COUSINS.

—SAMUEL T. WILLIAMSON.

Robert Cousins is editor of the Executive Book Club. Samuel T. Williamson, former editor of Newsweek, *has written profusely on business and other subjects.*

Round-up in Capsule

THE following list is intended to offer a representative cross-section of the hundreds of books dealing with economics, management, and labor, published during 1948 and thus far in 1949. Because of limitations of space, many worth-while titles of specialized appeal have had to be omitted.

Economics

ALTERNATIVE TO SERFDOM. By John Maurice Clark. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 153 pp. $3. A professor of economics at Columbia argues that "the price of freedom is its responsible exercise." A rewarding book for economists and laymen. Reviewed in *SRL* June 12, 1948.

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY: Its Problems and Prospects. By Sumner Slichter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1948. 230 pp. $2.75. A Harvard professor undertakes to answer such questions as: Will American free enterprise continue vigorous? Are investment opportunities becoming exhausted? Is business growing less competitive? There is a stimulating chapter on labor problems. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 23, 1948.

CARTELS OR COMPETITION. By George W. Stocking and Myron W. Watkins. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 1948. 516 pp. $4. Analyzes the effect of the movement toward cartels on the American economy: markets, stability, employment, investments, etc. A sequel to the authors' 1947 "Cartels in Action." Reviewed in this issue.

CHALLENGE OF AMERICAN KNOW-HOW. By Pearl Franklin Clark. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 172 pp. $2.50. A report by a noted American management consultant and his wife on the difficulties encountered in introducing American methods in European industries.

CHINA'S ECONOMIC STABILIZATION AND RECONSTRUCTION. By Dakuin Keetau Lieu. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers Univ. Press. 1948. 169 pp. $3. A balanced and objective analysis of Chinese economic problems, with much specific data, by the commercial counselor of the Chinese Embassy in Washington.

ECONOMIC MAN. By C. Reinold Noyes. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 2 vols. 1,443 pp. $15. A full-scale inquiry into human motivation in economic life, based upon physiological and biological research. The implications are novel, perhaps revolutionary.

ECONOMIC POLICY FOR A FREE SOCIETY. By Henry Calvert Simons. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1948. 362 pp. $3.75. The late Professor Simons pleads for free competition in these thirteen essays and denounces such things as high tariffs and powerful trade unions.

ECONOMIC SECURITY AND INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM: Can We Have Both? By Albert T. Lauterbach. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 1948. 182 pp. $2.50. Argues that the free-enterprise system is in decay, and urges establishment of a regulated economy to forestall Fascism or Communism.

ECONOMICS FOR THE PRACTICAL MAN. By George Howe. Chicago: Wilcox & Follett. 1948. 154 pp. $2.50. Such questions as labor, capital, land, the entrepreneur, rent, wages, banking and credit, business cycles, foreign exchange, monopolies, interest and profits, government and taxation explained in one-syllable thought for the average citizen.

ECONOMIC THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE. By Lindley M. Fraser. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 411 pp. $5. A stimulating inquiry into the semantics of economics. Reviewed in this issue.

THE EUROPEAN RECOVERY PROGRAM. By Seymour Harris. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 309 pp. $4.50. A well-written summary, by a Harvard economics professor, of the ERP, experience, with suggestions for continuing and modifying the program.

FOREIGN ECONOMIC POLICY FOR THE UNITED STATES. Edited by Seymour Edwin Harris. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 503 pp. $6. A symposium by eleven economic professors, three economists of the Federal Reserve System, the assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, the Assistant Deputy Finance Minister of Canada, and six State Department officers working with the ERP. Though varying viewpoints are presented, the ideas are informative and stimulating. Reviewed in *SRL* Nov. 13, 1948.

FREEDOM AND THE ADMINISTRATIVE STATE. By Joseph Rosenfarb. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 287 pp. $4. A provocative argument that a planned economy is the inevitable next step for the United States. Urges that it be made free and democratic. Reviewed in *SRL* Aug. 28, 1948.

INDIVIDUALISM AND ECONOMIC ORDER. By Friedrich August von Hayek. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1948. 278 pp. $5. A collection of papers by the author of "The Road to Serfdom." Writing persuasively and earnestly, he proposes ways to preserve individualism and free enterprise. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 23, 1948.

THE KEYS TO PROSPERITY. By Willford Isbell King. New York: Committee for Constitutional Government. 1948. 259 pp. $4. An outline for maintaining high wealth production and employment. The chapters on money are of dubious value. As a whole, the work will serve as a bible for advocates of laissez-faire.

THE LAW OF FREE ENTERPRISE. By Lee Loevinger. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1949. 431 pp. $5. An account of the legal framework and economic development of the American free-enterprise system written by an attorney. Polemical in tone.

THE LOCATION OF ECONOMIC ACTIVITY. By Edgar Malone Hoover. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 325 pp. $3.75. An analytical treatment of the question why economic activity does and should locate in particular areas on local, state, regional, and national levels.

MECHANIZATION TAKES COMMAND. By Siegfried Giedion. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 743 pp. $12.50. A provocative, enlightening study of the evolution of mechanization during the last century and a half, with an analysis of its effects upon mankind. Reviewed in *SRL* June 12, 1948.

ORDEAL BY PLANNING. By John Jewkes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 248 pp. $3.75. A University of Manchester professor undertakes to show that there is no logic behind Britain's current experiment with planned economy. Cogently and lucidly written. Reviewed in this issue.

THE PATTERN OF IMPERIALISM: A Study in the Theories of Power. By E. M. Winslow. New York: Columbia University Press. 1948. 290 pp. $3.75. Argues that imperialism may occur under any economic system. Presentation of the conclusions is confusing. Reviewed in *SRL* June 26, 1948.

POLITICS AND POVERTY. By Lewis C. Ord. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1948. 188 pp. $3. An English economist develops the thesis that the reward given to working men is the best measurement of the efficiency of industry in all countries. There is some consideration of American influences on Britain.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF BUSINESS LEADERSHIP. Edited by Harwood F. Merrill. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 108 pp. $2.50. A symposium by Clarence Francis, Richard R. Deupree, Harry A. Bullis, Ralph E. Flanders, Jack I. Straus, and Allen W. Dulles on the responsibilities of business leaders to the consumer, labor, stockholders, and the general public. "A morale restorative and a practical guide for executives."

SAVING AMERICAN CAPITALISM. Edited by Seymour E. Harris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 373 pp. $4. Thirty-one authors inquire into ways in which capitalism (the term is deliberately not interpreted in the conventional sense) may be preserved and fostered in this country. Reviewed in this issue.

SMALL BUSINESS: Its Place and Problems. By Abraham D. Kaplan. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 281 pp. $3.25. A Brookings Institution scholar undertakes to answer two problems: What is the role of small business in the American economy? How can small business contribute towards full employment? A useful assembly of current facts and figures.

THE SOCIAL POLITICS OF FEPC. By Louis C. Kesselman. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1948. 253 pp. $3.50. An analysis of the forces which led to the creation of the Federal Employment Commission.

A SURVEY OF CONTEMPORARY ECONOMICS. Edited by Howard Sylvester Ellis. Philadelphia, Pa.: Blakiston. 1949. 505 pp. $4.75. A series of essays by leading scholars on the significant economic development since the early Thirties. Controversial and technical. Published under the auspices of the American Economic Association.

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL VALUES. By Frank D. Graham. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1948. 349 pp. $5. A Princeton economics professor offers a

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theory of international values to supplant that of John Stuart Mill. Professor Graham believes that the "hidden principle" which normal values obey is the union of national price structures with commodities produced in several countries.

TRENDS IN AMERICAN CAPITALISM. By the Labor Research Association. New York: International Publishers. 1949. 128 pp. $1.50. A Stalinist-line interpretation of the movement of profits, capital formation, productivity, wages, standard of living, and surplus value in the United States.

UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS. By John C. Campbell. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 572 pp. $5. The second annual volume of the Council on Foreign Relations surveys American policy abroad; this time Russia, Palestine, China, Latin America, Europe, the United Nations and EPP are emphasized. Reviewed in *SRL* Nov. 13, 1948.

WE'RE ALL IN IT. By Eric Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 220 pp. $2.75. A leading American businessman briskly and readably discusses the problems of our leadership in the world today, giving special emphasis to Russia. There is an account of the author's interview with Stalin in 1944. Reviewed in *SRL* Dec. 18, 1948.

Finances and Taxation

GOVERNMENTAL COSTS AND TAX LEVELS. By Lewis Henry Kimmel and Mildred Maroney. Washington: Brookings Institution. 1948. 163 pp. $2.50. An attempt to prophesy trends in Federal, state, and local finances during the next five years. Technical.

HOW TAX LAWS MAKE GIVING TO CHARITY EASY: A Check List of Federal Tax Aids for the Solicitor and the Giver. By Jacob Kay Lasser. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1948. 120 pp. $3. A senior member of a New York firm of certified public accountants gives data about the tax laws which will help persons desiring to contribute to charity and at the same time reduce their income tax.

MONEY MARKET PRIMER. By John T. Madden and others. New York: Ronald Press. 1948. 212 pp. $3. A simply written exposition of the institutions and operations of the New York money market intended for the layman.

THE UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN INVESTMENT PROBLEMS. By Cleona Lewis. Washington: Brookings Institution. 1948. 359 pp. $4. A comprehensive treatment of the problems facing the American private investor in foreign economics. The economic position of individual nations and the resources involved are considered.

Agricultural and Natural Resources

THE BUSINESS OF FARMING. By Herrell DeGraff and Ladd Haystead. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1948. 262 pp. $3. An outline of the fundamentals of farm management with profit as the goal.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF RESEARCH IN LAND ECONOMICS. By Leonard A. Salter, Jr. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1948. 258 pp. $4. A stimulating study of research done in land economics with suggestions as to its inadequacy and possibilities for future inquiry.

FARMING AND DEMOCRACY. By A. Whitney Griswold. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 227 pp. $3. Holds that farming as an enterprise is the "backbone of democracy." Discusses agriculture's role in Great Britain, France, and the United States. Reviewed in *SRL* July 17, 1948.

FOREST INFLUENCES. By Joseph Kittredge. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 404 pp. $4.50. A discussion of the effects of woody vegetation on climate, water, and soil, together with water conservation, flood and erosion control.

FROM THE GROUND UP: Facts and Figures of the Mineral Industries of the United States. By Paul M. Tyler. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 256 pp. $3.50. A brief survey of the mining industries and their relation to the American national economy.

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET. By Fairfield Osborn. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1948. 217 pp. $2.50. After a survey of the earth's resources, the author concludes: "The tide of the earth's population is rising, the reservoir of the earth's living resources is falling." One of the most influential books of 1948. Reviewed in *SRL* June 12, 1948.

PLOWSHARES INTO SWORDS: Agriculture in the World War Age. By Arthur P. Chew. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 242 pp. $3. Urges the thesis that wars arise as a result of the struggles between nations to retain access to agricultural production. The thesis is hardly proved. Reviewed in *SRL* Jan. 1, 1949.

THE ROAD TO SURVIVAL. By William Vogt. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 1948. 335

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By *John Dollard*, Institute of Human Relations, Yale University. This book does for a single town in the deep South what *An American Dilemma* does for the whole Negro problem in the United States. Here is a record of intensive research that supplies fresh new insight into the social, economic and psychological effects of the system of caste and class upon both whites and Negroes. Originally published by Yale University Press, this second edition is again made available in response to wide demand. *Coming in February.* $5.00

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pp. $4. A provocative, eloquent book revealing the fact that, because of man's abuse of the earth, it is unable to support the human race in terms of food. There are suggestions for population control and conservation. Reviewed in *SRL* Aug. 7, 1948.

Management Problems: General

MAIN STREET MERCHANT. By Norman Beasley. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 274 pp. $3.50. A study of the operations of J. C. Penney & Co. that offers counsel on the problems of merger, partnership, personnel, merchandising, competition, and wages. Mr. Penney's devotion to the Golden Rule and the free-enterprise system is emphasized.

THE MANAGEMENT OF MEN. By Ronald B. Shuman. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1948. 208 pp. $3. Offers help to business and industrial managers by projecting their problems in such forms as "planning," "acts of decision," "transfer," etc. Reviewed in *SRL* June 5, 1948.

MANAGERIAL ENTERPRISE: Its Growth and Methods of Operation. By Oswald Knauth. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 224 pp. $3. Brushing aside "free enterprise" and "monopoly" as outmoded concepts, Knauth sees a new form of economy in evaluation, which he calls "managerial enterprise." Intended for business managers. Reviewed in *SRL* June 12, 1948.

ORGANIZATION AND MANAGEMENT: Selected Papers. By Chester Irving Barnard. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 255 pp. $4. A stimulating group of papers by the president of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Co. Deals with fundamental problems of personnel, politics, and human relations.

Management Problems: Miscellaneous

THE ADVERTISING AND BUSINESS SIDE OF RADIO. By Ned Midgley. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1948. 363 pp. $5.25. $4. A comprehensive, informative survey of broadcasting as a business. Principles, ethics, and practices in buying and selling are emphasized. The author is sales service manager of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

BUSINESS, LEGAL, AND ETHICAL PHASES OF ENGINEERING. By Donald Treat Canfield and J. H. Bowman. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1948. 370 pp. $4.50. A useful reference work for businessmen and engineers based on two volumes published in 1937.

THE GENIUS OF INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH. By D. H. Killeffer. New York: Reinhold. 1948. 273 pp. $4.50. Reports on how research, particularly in chemistry, is being conducted today. As the author quotes freely from original sources, it often is highly technical. Reviewed in *SRL* June 12, 1948.

IMPROVED FOREMANSHIP. By Auren Uris. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 280 pp. $4. A comprehensive account of the duties of the modern industrial foreman, involving as they do knowledge about plant organization, production, purchasing, personnel management, and labor relations procedures.

PRACTICAL HANDBOOK OF INDUSTRIAL TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT. By Richard C. Colton. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1948. 397 pp. $6. The general traffic manager of the Radio Corporation of America explains the fundamentals of industrial transportation and gives advice about good shipping practices.

YOUR PUBLIC RELATIONS: The Standard Public Relations Handbook. Edited by Glenn Griswold and Denny Griswold. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1948. 660 pp. $7.50. A compendium of modern public-relations methods by thirty-three leaders in the field. Tested as well as experimental methods are discussed.

Personnel Problems

ASSESSMENT OF MEN. By the OSS Assessment Staff. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 541 pp. $6.50. A realistic picture of the procedures used during World War II for the selection and training of men for the Office of Strategic Services. Much of it is applicable to organizations employing large numbers of people. Reviewed in *SRL* May 29, 1948.

EDUCATION FOR AN INDUSTRIAL AGE. By Alfred Kahler and Ernest Hamburger. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 1948. 349 pp. $3.75. An evaluation of vocational education in the United States with a comparison of European experience. Ignores the human being as an individual. Reviewed in *SRL* June 5, 1948.

HIGHWAYS TO JOBS FOR WOMEN. By Josephine H. Garth. New York: The Woman's Press. 1948. 132 pp. $3. A useful handbook to aid college women in selecting and preparing for a career. The advice is practical, covering personnel, social work, publishing, apparel merchandising, and many less obvious fields.

JOB HORIZONS. By Lloyd G. Reynolds and Joseph Shister. New York: Harper & Bro. 1949. 102 pp. $2.25. An inquiry into the factors affecting labor mobility, job satisfaction, and choice of work.

PERSONNEL MANAGEMENT FOR SUPERVISORS. By Claude Edward Thompson. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1948. 203 pp. $3.95. A professor of business and industrial psychology examines the problems in employee psychology faced by management executives and proposes various procedures for handling them.

Management—Labor Relations

BARGAINING WITH ORGANIZED LABOR. By Richard C. Smity and Matthew J. Murphy. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1948. 302 pp. $3.75. A guide intended for management on how to negotiate with labor. The advice is illustrated with case histories.

BEYOND COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. By Alexander R. Heron. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 221 pp. $2.75. A readable inquiry into management-labor relations not covered by collective bargaining. Reviewed in this issue.

EFFECTIVE LABOR ARBITRATION: The Impartial Chairmanship of the Full-Fashioned Hosiery Industry. By Thomas Kennedy. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1948. 297 pp. $3.50. A report of sixteen years (starting in 1929) of successful arbitration in an industry previously wracked by labor disputes. Invaluable as case history.

GOVERNMENT REGULATION OF INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By George William Taylor. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1948. 383 pp. $5.35. Attempts to take an inventory of the "shortcomings and inadequacies of collective-bargaining practices with a view toward charting a better way to industrial self-government."

LABOR-MANAGEMENT COOPERATION AND HOW TO ACHIEVE IT. By E. J. Lever and Francis Goodell. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 155 pp. $2.50. A manual for management and labor leaders. The authors' key to increased production and general satisfaction is a joint production committee representing both groups.

LABOR UNIONS IN ACTION: A Study of the Mainsprings of Unionism. By Jack Barbash. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 280 pp. $3.50. An account of the day-to-day operations of labor unions and an analysis of the forces that motivated them—1932-1947. Written from the viewpoint of a unionist.

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By Louis Morton Hacker and others. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. 157 pp. $2. Discussions of the philosophy and techniques of human relationships in industry by five leaders in the field of labor-management relations. Collective bargaining, human relations, and the impact of present-day industrial relations on our society are treated.

OUR NEW NATIONAL LABOR POLICY: The Taft-Hartley Act and the Next Steps. By Fred A. Hartley, Jr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1948. 235 pp. $2.85. An exposition of the history and a defense of the Act by one of its authors. Reviewed in this issue.

THE UNION CHALLENGE TO MANAGEMENT CONTROL. By Neil W. Chamberlain. New York: Harper & Bro. 1948. 348 pp. $4.50. A research director of Yale's Labor and Management Center considers labor-management relations, emphasizing the increasing intervention of labor in management. Suggests limits that should be established for the good of both parties and the public.

UNIONS, MANAGEMENT, AND THE PUBLIC. Edited by Edward Wight Bakke and Clark Kerr. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 966 pp. $5. A series of essays by business and labor leaders on the critical issues in industrial relations.

WAGE POLICY FOR MANAGEMENT. By Sumner Charm. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1948. 172 pp. $2.50. A practical, nontechnical approach to present-day problems of wage negotiation with suggestions as to how they may be solved. Intended for management.

WHY MEN WORK: Toward Understanding in Industry. By Alexander R. Heron. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 206 pp. $2.75. Addressed primarily to management, this book urges the improvement of management-employee relations. Reviewed in this issue.

Labor Movement

JUGGERNAUT: American Labor in Action. By Wellington Roe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 375 pp. $4. A veteran of twenty-five years of trade-unionism asserts that the greatest danger to labor comes not as much from reactionary as from decay and autocratic chiefs. Told largely through the stories of certain leaders. Reviewed in this issue.

THE NEW MEN OF POWER. By C. Wright Mills. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 323 pp. $3.50. A collective portrait of the top leadership of American labor. Much solid and revealing information, but light on anecdotal material. Reviewed in this issue.

WOBBLY. By Ralph Chaplin. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1948. 435 pp. $5. A retired leader of the Industrial Workers of the World tells the story of the organization from 1906 to 1923. Reviewed in this issue.

Business History and Biography

AMERICA'S FIFTY FOREMOST BUSINESS LEADERS. Edited by B. C. Forbes. New York: B. C. Forbes Publishing Co. 1948. $5. Short biographical sketches of prominent figures in business, giving some attention to the reasons for their rise and to their "working philosophies."

BRITISH ECONOMY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By W. W. Rostow. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 240 pp. $4. A scholarly study of British economic life from 1790 to 1914. Cycles and trends, the relationship of politics to economic life, etc., are treated.

ECONOMIC POLICY AND DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT: Pennsylvania 1776-1860. By Louis Hartz. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 381 pp. $4. Using Pennsylvania as an example, the author demonstrates that laissez-faire was not the rule in pre-Civil-War America as is often supposed.

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION: 1760-1830. By Thomas Southcliffe Ashton. New York: Oxford University Press. 1948. 167 pp. $2. A brief, highly readable account of the Industrial Revolution in Great Britain, the first nation in which it appeared. Written by a professor at the London School of Economics.

JOHN STUDEBAKER: An American Dream. By Edwin Corle. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 316 pp. $4.50. A history of the beginnings of the Studebaker Corporation, as well as the life of its founder. As much social history as business record.

LIBERAL'S PROGRESS: EDWARD FILENE. By Gerald W. Johnson. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1948. 268 pp. $3.50. A readable biography of a self-made Boston retail merchant. His business methods and economic philosophy are discussed.

MAIN LINE. By Ernest L. King and Robert E. Mahoffay. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 270 pp. $3. A lively account of fifty years of the history of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

THE MARITIME HISTORY OF MAINE. By William Hutchinson Rowe. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 333 pp. $5. A colorful and dramatic account of fishermen, early maritime activity, the West Indian trade, the clipper and schooner eras. Good reading.

MEN, CITIES, AND TRANSPORTATION. By Edward Chase Kirkland. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 2 vols. $12.50. An account of the development of the transportation systems and shipping trade of New England and how they affected the development of the area.

THE NICKEL PLATE ROAD: The History of a Great Railroad. By Taylor Hampton. Cleveland: World Publishing Co. 1948. 366 pp. $3.75. Traces this railroad's history from early 1880's to 1947. Little analysis of the forces behind the events.

OPERATIONS SANTA FE: The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System. By Merle Armitage. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 263 pp. $5. Describes, in somewhat technical terms, "the business statesmanship, administrative ability, engineering skill, and uncommon cooperation" behind the operation of this railroad. A handsome book, attractively illustrated.

THE PABST BREWING COMPANY: The History of an American Business. By Thomas Childs Cochran. New York: New York University Press. 1948. 463 pp. $5. A scholarly, well-told history of a successful concern.

PEPPERELL'S PROGRESS: The History of a Cotton Textile Company, 1844-1945. By Evelyn H. Knowlton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1949. 511 pp. $5. The wage, price, procurement, production, sales, and financial operations of this venerable firm are treated in a careful historical study.

REVOLUTION IN GLASSMAKING. By Warren Candler Scoville. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 398 pp. $5. A detailed study of the glassmaking industry from 1880 to 1900, evaluating the contributions of E. D. Libbey and M. J. Owens.

THE WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON. By Bruce Catton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 313 pp. $3. A documented account of the civil war waged by the "dollar-a-year-men" from 1940 to V-J Day. Essentially it reiterates the charge that industry was determined to carry business on as usual during the war. The author was director of information of the War Production Board. Reviewed in *SRL* Oct. 23, 1948.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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Management Thinking

WHY MEN WORK: Toward Understanding in Industry. By Alexander R. Heron. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 197 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT R. NORTHRUP

AS VICE PRESIDENT and director of industrial relations for Crown Zellerbach Corporation and Rayonier, Inc., Alexander R. Heron blazed a trail of good industrial relations and labor peace in the Pacific Coast pulp and paper industry which has endured without interruption since 1934. Nonetheless, Mr. Heron is not satisfied. He continues to search out ways and means of improving industrial relations. In his first book, "Sharing Information with Employees," Mr. Heron urged employers "aggressively to share their problems with their employees." Only then, he argued, could industry expect cooperation from its workers.

In the present volume Mr. Heron poses the question "Why do men fail to work to the best of their ability? He states:

> In the postwar days the American dream of sixty million jobs was all but realized. The record-breaking army of job holders presented the most amazing spectacle of reluctance to work effectively that has ever been seen among free people. Nearly sixty million of us combined produced, in 1946, little more than was produced in 1941, with ten million fewer workers. In terms of national income, and of the dollar value of the goods and services, the national product was greatly increased. In terms of tangible things and needed services the production was little greater than in 1941. In terms of product per worker it was less.

Mr. Heron believes that good pay is not enough. To be sure, it is essential but something else is needed. Noting that a democratic way of life demands democracy in the workshop also, he believes that business must readjust its thinking if it is to survive, and he offers the following "modest offer of the framework" of a working hypothesis which will give working men "the opportunity to think":

> 1. There is a common denominator in all the situations in business and industry where teamwork has been achieved; here the answer has been found, whether identified or not, to the question of why men work.
> 2. The devices of compensation, security, and organized consultation which consistently accompany good working relations are those which can give expression to this common denominator.
> 3. The presence of one or all of these devices does not prove the

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presence of the common denominator.

4. Where the devices are used without the ingredient of the common denominator, they do not succeed, except temporarily, in achieving teamwork.

5. The common denominator can operate successfully in the absence of any one or all of the conventional devices for enlisting worker cooperation.

6. The common denominator is the opportunity for the average worker to share in the task of thinking.

Mr. Heron's book is a significant landmark in the thinking of industrial management. The need to share ideas with employees and to permit them to express themselves is gradually being recognized by industrial relations personnel but all too infrequently by top management itself. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Heron has grounded his entire work on a question which is posed inadequately. The fact that productivity per worker is less in 1946 than in 1941 is, as Professor Sumner Slichter has pointed out, the result of the fact that our machinery is becoming old rather than of a decline in effort. This does not, however, reduce the importance of the book because the sad fact is, as Mr. Heron recognizes, that pride in work has become among both top management, unions, and the rank and file, a disappearing value.

Herbert R. Northrup is assistant professor of Industrial Relations in the New York School of Social Work, Columbia University.

Vital to the Common Good

BEYOND COLLECTIVE BARGAINING. By Alexander R. Heron. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1948. 214 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by WELLINGTON ROE

THIS third volume in a series by Mr. Heron, published under the group title "Toward Understanding in Industry" has an admirable thesis: good employer-worker relations are vital not only to the welfare of American industry, but also to the common good of the nation.

Much of the book is highly provocative. One of its best sections is an excellent analysis of the collective bargaining process. It is consistently reasonable in statement and a middle third of the work, concerned with hiring practices, training, plant safety, employee welfare, and so forth, if separated from the rest would make an excellent guide for personnel officers.

The book also contains some highly intelligent comment on the need for industrialists to recognize that trade unions are now a fixed (if not integrated) part of the industrial machine. This being so, Mr. Heron warns employers to make exceptional efforts to get along with them.

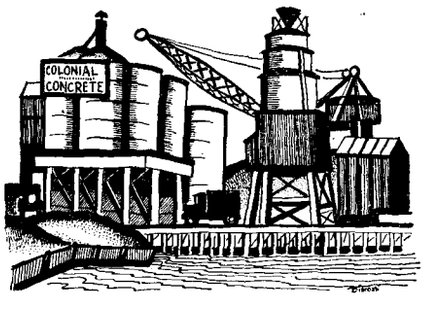
So long as he confines his attention to these matters and discussion of methods beyond collective bargaining through which employers can hope to promote good will among their employees, Mr. Heron is on familiar ground and generally effective. However, in his attempt to place the trade unions in relation to the problem, a muddled concept of trade-union philosophy emerges.

Mr. Heron thinks management should develop an approach to workers' collective good will which can use the machinery of the trade union as its conductor. He states that this will enable employers to provide leadership for workers on a higher level than that incident merely to jobs and on-the-job discipline. It is an interesting proposal which, nevertheless, fails to consider the techniques labor leaders use to control union members.

The attempt to give perspective to the union-management problem therefore becomes largely well-intentioned advice to industrialists. At a time when the need is for a program calculated to eliminate industrial friction, the book provides only a survey of the area in which the effort could be made.

Mr. Heron recognizes that unions are pressure groups devoted to special interests which operate in the political arena. Having conceded this, however, he fails to accept the meaning of the fact.

"Union officials," he writes, "must learn to set aside the political interests of the union, the building of a record of achievements based on bargaining power, in favor of benefits for workers which can be more effectively arranged without a clause in the contract, without a victory in the process of collective bargaining."



To this all persons sincerely interested in promoting good industrial relations will utter a fervent "Amen!" It is not likely to have much influence upon the manner in which power-minded union officials conduct their business. These individuals operate through control of a political machine which depends for its very life upon the exact procedures they are urged to abandon.

Perhaps Mr. Heron's inability to focus properly on the union apparatus is rooted in his seeming light regard for accurate trade-union history. He tells us, for example: "For almost two generations, groups of employees in America tried to improve their economic and physical working conditions through the organization of trade unions." This would put the inauguration of the trade union movement in America at about 1885. It neglects such facts as that there were authentic trade unions in America as early as 1792; that there was a great upsurge of unionism during the last years of the Civil War and the decade which followed. It tacitly denies the existence of unions of printers, iron moulders, locomotive drivers, shoemakers, railway conductors, cigar makers, and several other wage-earning groups which were important many years before 1885.

Comments on the Knights of Labor is typical of Mr. Heron's carelessness with historical reference. To this writer's knowledge no reliable historian of American labor has risked a categorical statement as to why the Knights collapsed. Mr. Heron does. He finds that it expired because it lacked the "unity" of craft unionism. This is an amazing statement from one who asks us to take seriously his views on the labor problem.

All evidence points to the conclusion that craft unions made no contribution to the unity of labor. Rather, by their endless feuds and jurisdictional strikes, they have kept labor divided. As to the Knights of Labor, while that organization was conceived as One Big Union, after a few years its policy was revised so as to place great emphasis on the formation of craft assemblies.

There is genuine need for a comprehensive work on union-management relations in America. It is to be regretted, therefore, that this book will be useful only to those persons who have enough knowledge of its subject matter to enable them to recognize the flaws it contains and therefore to concentrate upon its solid parts.

Wellington Roe is author of "Juggernaut: American Labor in Action," recently published by Lippincott.

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Three Years of Managed Economy

ORDEAL BY PLANNING. By John Jewkes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 248 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by PALMER HARMAN

GREAT Britain's Socialist Labor Government has been operating a planned economy since 1945, and it is now possible to compare three years' results with the advance notices. John Jewkes, professor of political economy in the University of Manchester, makes the comparison with deadly effect in this little book, which deserves to live as a tract for the times. To many readers, as to this one, it will seem that Mr. Jewkes has managed to shift the center of gravity of current economic thinking. Under his touch, planning begins to lose the intellectual plausibility which has always been its main prop.

But it is necessary to explain what Jewkes means by planning. To him, the term coincides with the basic program of the British Labor Government, including nationalization of industries, rationing and price control, the setting up of individual trade quotas and allotments, and regimentation of consumers—a pretty completely "managed" economy. With sanity and urbanity, with barbed analysis, with wit and eloquence which never lose their objectivity, he tears the record to pieces and holds it up for judgment.

The British planners have produced cups without saucers, egg cups in plenty but few eggs, shoes that won't fit unless your foot is average size. There is a plethora of non-rationed gewgaws and a shortage of essential goods. The planners set a target of seventy-five per cent increase in exports, subsequently reduced by necessity to forty per cent. A scarcity of coal and fish developed, which Mr. Aneurin Bevan had declared could only be brought about by "an organizing genius." The climax arrived in 1947, with the virtual drafting of labor into (and out of) specific jobs, in clear violation of the Labor "platform." In 1946 Mr. Dalton had predicted "beautiful autumn tints of happiness in many a home," along with popular approval of the way "Labor gets things done."

In the whole book there is not one word of criticism of American planning, which seems to have much in common with Jewkes's own ideas. For he is no naive believer that government must keep hands off the businessman, even if millions are plunged into misery. Government, he thinks, has two master functions. It must control monopoly and it must avert mass unemployment, which can be "avoided in a free society by using central financial devices."

The principal device is that of John Maynard Keynes—namely, the increase and decrease of the money flow to consumers through the medium of government expenditures, loans and taxation, to offset the ebb and flow of business-generated employment. This need cause no shiver of horror down American spines. As Jewkes remarks, Keynes has been misunderstood or deliberately misrepresented by those who wished to use his authority, or who hated and feared the doctrines of the most original and authentic genius to appear among economic thinkers in many a year.

The planning mind, the author of this book remarks, is convinced that the world is potentially very rich, and that a flood of wealth can be turned loose by "some little trick of technique." Planning, therefore, is basically out of tune with the fact that "the economic problem of the world is poverty," which demands for its amelioration the largest possible measure of individual liberty, scope, and enterprise.

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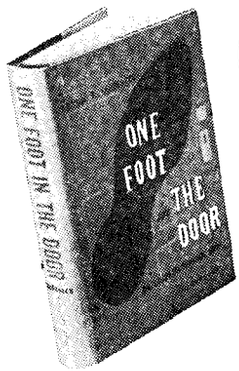

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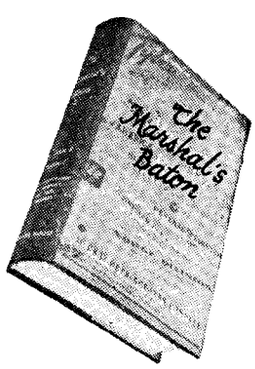

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Democratic Functionalism

SAVING AMERICAN CAPITALISM. Edited by Seymour E. Harris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. 373 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

LAST September the assembly of the newly-founded World Council of Churches, meeting in Amsterdam, condemned capitalistic "ideology" on four counts: (1) capitalism tends to subordinate the meeting of human needs to the economic advantages of those who have most power over its institutions; (2) it tends to produce serious inequalities; (3) it has developed a practical form of materialism which places the greatest emphasis upon success in making money; and (4) it has kept the people of capitalist countries subject to such social catastrophes as mass unemployment. The churchmen rejected Communism as well as capitalism but refused or failed to point to a third way.

The capitalism that the authors of the book edited by Professor Harris want to save is not the capitalism condemned by the Amsterdam conference. They want to save a capitalism which will serve human needs first, which will provide so high a standard of living that inequalities will not matter, which will place the greatest emphasis upon achieving freedom and happiness, which will be beyond the reach of social catastrophes. The authors of the thirty-one articles that comprise "Saving American Capitalism" reject totalitarian Communism and predatory capitalism, but, unlike the Amsterdam church leaders, they undertake to outline experiments "in concrete situations within the area marked by the rejection of these opposite extremes."

The experiments advocated by Chester Bowles, A. A. Berle, Jr., Charles Abrams, John T. Dunlop, Alvin H. Hansen, Leon H. Keyserling, A. P. Lerner, Edwin E. Witte, and the other contributors, have their roots in the New Deal: a Government-supported housing program, urban development, a strong anti-trust policy, monetary policy and control, more resources development along the line of TVA, improved social security measures, greater labor productivity (full production and full employment), wider educational opportunities, more public money for research, etc. But the authors, while acknowledging the achievements of the New Deal, would go a considerable way beyond FDR's program: "Experience would suggest," says Arthur M. Schlesinger in his summary of New Deal accomplishments, "that we can go further than we have yet gone before the extension of Government will mean the loss of essential liberties." He and his co-contributors are willing to go further: "The people of America need to be electrified by our limitless possibilities," says Mr. Keyserling; we must "marshal every acceptable incentive toward an economy of maximum production for peacetime plenty"; our goals must reflect "America's maximum productive capacity." We should have a blueprint for the next twenty-five or fifty years, says Professor Harris. National plans, other contributors make clear, need not impose on us "the new serfdom," for they should be modeled after the policies and methods of the Rural Electrification Administration, the TVA, and the soil-conservation districts, where groups of neighbors and workers and property-owners assume responsibility for their own well-being.

It is no doctrinaire or static capitalism that the authors call upon us to save. They would save freedom before they would save capitalism. We should be prepared, says Mr. Berle, to work "with private enterprise if it liberates and develops individuals, or with semi-Governmental or wholly Governmental operation if need be." To save capitalism, Professor Schlesinger says, it may be necessary to "fight the capitalists tooth and nail."

The authors, though preoccupied with blueprints of social and economic experiments, do not lose sight of the fact that even their revisionist capitalism is only a means to an end; that capitalism can be saved only in so far as it ought to be saved, and that it ought to be saved only to the extent that it is or becomes the servant and not the master of our desires, morals, and ideals.

This new or reformed capitalism, which places freedom ahead of itself, Lerner calls Democratic Functionalism. The name is unimportant. I believe the editor of the volume was within his rights in naming the book as he did, for it is of the utmost importance that Americans awaken to the fact that their economic and social system, known as capitalism, is a changing, dynamic affair, and that they can give it the twists and turns that will make it take the direction of their heart's desire.

Milton R. Konvitz is a Cornell professor and editor of the Industrial and Labor Relations Review.

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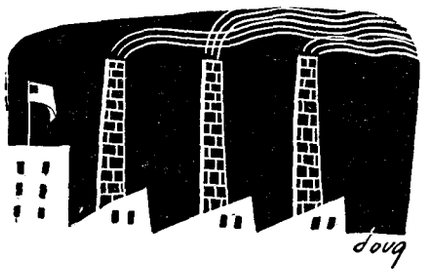
Detailed Description of Utter Confusion

ECONOMIC THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE. By Lindley M. Fraser. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 411 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE



IN THE practice of efficiency engineering there can be found, among other experts, men who devote their lives to the technique of red-tape shrinking. A red-tape shrinker takes up an existing length of red tape, such as the process by which an order of the general manager leads to an action by a shop foreman. He sets down in a straight line all the "steps" —the officials who must see the order, the filing of records, posting of notices, the stops in the *out* and *in* baskets, journeys of messengers, and returns for rechecking. Then the expert does his work: 162 steps become fifty-eight steps, 1,280 minutes of time shrink to 460 minutes, and 2,620 feet of messenger travel will now be 1,140 feet. It is done by taking every step and saying who? when? where? why? until the obsolete relicts of historical development are detected and removed. Economic theory, like red tape, is a natural growth, with live shoots springing up through a tangle of deadwood. Economic vocabulary, or jargon, has not been subjected to the continuous pruning that has characterized the physical sciences.

Professor Fraser has undertaken to take apart the vocabulary of the economists, lay the pieces all out in a row, and see what we have here. The principal words, such as cost, value, capital, money, supply, and demand, have always made trouble by being so common. Mr. Einstein can trust most of his formulas to keep their dignity; but the economists can never trust their technical terms not to produce mongrel offspring after a trip through the market place. All economic students, no doubt, are sadly familiar with this unfortunate propensity of their words to be all things to all men, but probably few are fully aware of the extent of the complexity which Professor Fraser has made his special topic.

"Economic Thought and Language" is not recommended for light reading, and it will probably be useful only to students of economics and to students of language. Since it is intentionally a detailed description of almost utter confusion, the layman can hardly get from it a clear idea of modern economic theory. What it might do to a freshman class in economics is painful to contemplate, while if gently but continuously applied to the professors, it may well result in great benefits to the undergraduate. A reader who is not an economist can only guess what thought processes will be set off in the professorial mind, but to an amateur of vocabulary, the effects of Professor Fraser's line of thought are definitely stimulating.

For instance, readers of the *Wall Street Journal* may think that "capital" is a plain word, with hardly more than two meanings—fixed capital and working capital. But it is interesting, to anyone interested in language technique, to find a chapter of eighty-four pages devoted to expounding the three main senses of capital, with classes and subclasses not of capital itself but of meanings of the word. One meaning, pertinent to national policy, includes not merely machinery but food and cigarettes, if they must be invested by an investor before his capital in the form of machinery will yield a return. Tobacco as well as food had to be invested in British coal production in 1948, to the considerable bewilderment of some isolationists, to whom the economists had been of little or no help in their attempts to get clear the meaning of economic relationships.

Professor Fraser makes no mention of semantics as such, though some of his analysis overlaps the Korzybski brand of semantics, and some overlaps Ogden and Richards. Those who hope that in the course of time the elements of political economics will become clear enough to guide the voters in such questions as taxation and budgets, may well be grateful if Professor Fraser's book attracts the respectful attention of economists. Taken together with at least an elementary course of semantics, and with a sincere desire to develop a more definite vocabulary, such a study of the tools of the trade might on the one hand allow pure economics to become a science, and on the other allow applied economics to become a practical guide to public policy.

David Cushman Coyle, a consulting engineer, is author of "Roads to a New America" and numerous other books.

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Frustrating the Free-Price System

CARTELS OR COMPETITION. By George W. Stocking and Myron W. Watkins. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 1948. 516 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by PAUL M. O'LEARY

THE word "cartel" is highly surcharged with emotional content. To be called a "cartel man" is almost to be called a "Fascist." In both Germany and Japan, our military government officials have set up "de-cartelization" branches. How successful these have been is a matter of some dispute but clearly the motive was to rid the world of something felt to be evil, something to be scourged and, if possible, destroyed. On the whole, Professors Stocking and Watkins share this general point of view as does the committee headed by James M. Landis which has had charge of the Twentieth Century Fund's investigation into cartels, and which adds its own recommendations to the report so carefully prepared by Stocking and Watkins.

But the authors of the report and their supervising committee do not rely upon emotion and righteous wrath as their basis for condemnation. While they write feelingly and, at some points, colorfully, they base their findings upon detailed investigation of the activities of a large number of actual cartels. Much of the data on which they rely has been published in an earlier volume, "Cartels in Action."

It would not be accurate to say that Professors Stocking and Watkins entered upon this study without preconceptions. Both men have long records as effective enemies of monopoly as writers and in the Federal Government service. But it would be grossly unfair to say that they have not diligently and carefuly sought the truth. The result is a book which no student of modern economic society can afford to be without. Furthermore, it is a book which is so clearly written that any reasonably intelligent citizen can read it and learn a great deal from it.

—*Somerville in the* Denver Post.
"Into Which Mold?"

Actually, what we have here is a detailed investigation into the nineteenth-century origins and the twentieth-century consequences of economic restrictionism as practised by businessmen, frequently with the aid of their governments, sometimes even upon the insistence of their governments. Cartels are the international instruments of this restrictionism and to quote the authors, "they are alike in one respect:, without exception, all cartels aim to substitute concerted or unified control of the market for the hazards and insecurity of competitive enterprise." Undoubtedly their creators sincerely regard cartels as being the necessary means for effecting "security" in a hazardous and changing world. The same men who talk glibly about the wonders of "free enterprise" and the beauties of "the competitive system" will participate in the formation of a set of arrangements affecting important commodities in international trade which have as their central purpose control of the market, price stabilization, and the protection of investments already made against the assault of new investment seeking to enter and compete in accordance with the signals of "the price system."

It is this frustrating of the working of a free-price system, this creating of artificial, purposeful, self-interested, anti-expansionist arrangements as an alternative means of determining allocation and use of the world's resources to which Stocking and Watkins fundamentally object. Their own philosophical underpinnings are those of liberal individualism. At several points their dislike of the aggregation of power either in private groups or in public agencies shows itself clearly. They believe in a society in which decision points are dispersed and numerous. They are fearful of one in which basic decisions are centralized and "planned." Consequently, their investigations lead them and their supervising committee to a set of recommendations consisting essentially of a positive program in opposition to international cartels. This program is based largely on vigorous American support for and strengthening of the recently created International Trade Organization.

The public policy issues raised in

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"Cartels or Competition" are of the utmost importance. The recommendations made in the Twentieth Century Fund study will not be accepted in toto even by men of good will. Some will say that the authors are naive in their regard for the merits of a free competitive price system, that they are bucking a tide which is running throughout the world, and which can be controlled only by purposeful state action of the "planning" or "socializing" variety. Such critics will deny the possibility of destroying and preventing the re-formation of cartels throughout most of the world. Moreover, they will point out that outside the United States no important country seems to have any real will to make the effort to destroy cartels. Great Britain, the nineteenth-century stronghold of individualistic economic liberalism, has become in the twentieth-century the breeding ground of private restrictionism in varied forms (some would call the Federation of British Industries the most decadent form of private restrictionism extant) from which condition it strives desperately now to rescue itself, not by restoring free competition, but by socializing the monopolies in the hope that they can be made expansionist rather than contractionist. But no one should reject the program of the Twentieth Century Fund's Committee on International Cartels until he has read carefully the impressive analysis made by Stocking and Watkins.

Paul M. O'Leary is professor of economics at Cornell University and dean of its School of Business and Public Administration.

Good Employer-Worker Relations

RESPONSIBILITIES OF BUSINESS LEADERSHIP. Edited by Harwood F. Merrill. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1948. 99 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. LINK

WHETHER intentionally or not, this little book is far more than a statement of the businessman's social responsibilities. It is also an eloquent defense of private capitalism as compared with state capitalism or socialism. Its six chapters are written by six of the country's most successful and socially conscious businessmen.

> The economic greatness of America [says Clarence Francis, chairman of the board of General Foods] is an actual fact. The promises of its totalitarian critics are nine-tenths fantasy. Surely business must have met some of its responsibilities or our living standards would not be so high. But we cannot yield to complacency for one moment . . . I wonder if there is not some way in which young men can be dedicated to management with a full sense of the human importance of their tasks. Perhaps a sort of Hippocratic Oath could be devised to remind us of the moral responsibilities of true business leadership.

Mr. Francis then goes on to formulate a code which, for moral content and religious fervor, makes the ordinary religious sermon pale by comparison.

Each of these six men has an idealistic concept of business leadership but always in a realistic fashion. Each of them believes that the basic and indispensable condition of public service is financial stability, which means, of course, a consistent profit.

> The first responsibility of management to its employees [says Richard R. Deupree, president of Procter & Gamble] is to operate a successful business—a business which makes a profit. I mean a regular, healthy profit, the kind that continues to pay wages and expand a business, thereby making new jobs.

Mr. Deupree then describes four other responsibilities, all of which depend for their execution on the success of the first. The most important of these is steady employment. Procter & Gamble is far better known for its soap operas than for its pioneering work during the past twenty-five years in the field of steady employment. The Procter & Gamble Plan of Guaranteed Employment, during that time, has assured eligible employees at least forty-eight weeks of work in the year and this closely approximates the ideal of an annual wage.

The other commonsense ideals of this company include the opportunity of the individual employee to develop to the fullest extent of his abilities, the employees' chance to become a capitalist, and good working conditions.

In his chapter on "Responsibilities to the Stockholders," Harry A. Bullis, chairman of the board of General Mills, Inc., describes the various steps which General Mills has taken to inform and to educate its stockholders. Not the least interesting of these are the informal meetings with stockholders inaugurated by the company ten years ago.

> I am convinced [says Mr. Bullis] that if each industrial enterprise will take the trouble to explain its operations honestly and thor-

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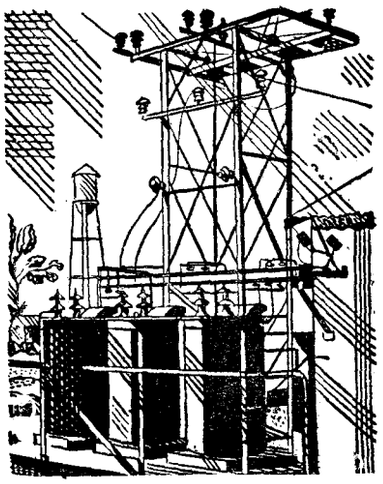
oughly—not only to stockholders but to employees and to the general public as well (making sure that those policies and operations are honest and ethical to begin with)—then business as a whole will be well along the way toward eliminating most of the unfair criticisms leveled against it.

The book concludes with a chapter by Allen W. Dulles, well known for his broad moral idealism. Here, too, realism prevails. Says Mr. Dulles:

> The first duty of American business is to protect the economy of the United States and to keep our position sound at home. A serious depression here might easily spell the end of our ability or, if not of our ability, of our willingness, to be effective in the foreign field.
>
> The second area of business responsibility lies in the foreign field. What contribution can business make to promote recovery abroad?

The reviewer's chief criticism of this book is its note of defensiveness. In comparison, the Communists and Socialists are positive and effective far beyond their achievements or even their nearby hopes of achievement. If private capitalism is to survive, its first responsibility is not to raise the standards of living, of jobs, of working conditions, of opportunity. Its first responsibility is to educate the American people in the principles of freedom and personal responsibility which have brought them to their present high level. It must quickly fill in the mental vacuum now left by our educational system in failing to indoctrinate the youth in the unique qualities of the American system. Without this understanding, all other functions of business leadership will wither at the roots.

Henry C. Link, vice president of the Psychological Corporation, is author of "The Return to Religion" and other books.



Labor—From IWW to Taft-Hartley

WOBBLY. By Ralph Chaplin. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1948. 435 pp. $5.

JUGGERNAUT: American Labor in Action. By Wellington Roe. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1948. 375 pp. $4.

THE NEW MEN OF POWER. By C. Wright Mills. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 350 pp. $3.50.

OUR NEW NATIONAL LABOR POLICY: The Taft-Hartley Act and the Next Steps. By Fred A. Hartley, Jr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1948. 235 pp. $2.85.

Reviewed by JOSEPH ROSENFARB

THE Democratic pro-New Deal landslide of 1948, in repudiation of the Eightieth Congress—President Truman ran behind his ticket—has once again focused public interest on labor legislation as one of the chief items on the ambitious agenda of the incoming Congress. So central have labor relations become in our economy because of the unprecedented expansion of organized labor, that the labor union as an institution and the labor leader as the newest member of our elites are receiving increasing attention from the public and from the various disciplines. The International Congress on Mental Health held last August in London showed a marked interest in labor relations and sought a place for psychiatrists on labor arbitration panels. Everybody wants to get into the act. Until the dawn of that bright day when collective bargaining conferences will be preceded by adequate sessions on the psychoanalyst's couch we shall have to be satisfied with something more conventional and less revealing than the free association of "Eyebrows" John, for instance.

In "Wobbly," the autobiography of Ralph Chaplin, is reflected the turbulent story of the IWW, the most indigenous American revolutionary movement since 1776, with its violence, its undisciplined idealism, and absence of ideological system. Even in retrospect the former IWW editor, jailbird, and author of "Solidarity Forever" is unable to give a pattern to this not unimportant era of the labor movement.

But we do meet "Big Bill" Haywood and other Wobblys, as well as Eugene Debs, Hillquit, and, of all people, Joseph Medill Patterson in his Socialist incarnation. We observe Chaplin's peregrinations from Wobbly to Communism to Socialism and then to the Right. It is psychologically significant that the fighter for labor organization against the Pinkertons, scabs, and finks does not have a good word for the New Deal and the Wagner Act, which have done away with these evils. For the true rebel it is emotionally less satisfying to be behind a desk than behind bars. Although Chaplin has found peace of mind in his new haven of patriotism and religion, his story is suffused with sweet nostalgia for the giants that walked the earth in the days of his stormy youth, and one suspects even for the finks and their hardhearted employers. Chaplin's one lingering disillusionment is with the modern labor leader and his one great hatred is for Communism.

A more conventional album of labor leaders is presented by Wellington Roe, another labor journalist, in "Juggernaut." His is not a history of the labor movement, but a collection of profiles of Lewis, Gompers, Green, Dubinsky, Petrillo, Hillman, Bridges, Murray, Whitney, and others. It is a Punch and Judy show full of sound and fury as the autocrats of the conference table are engaged in a free-for-all rivalry for power and control over the hapless wage earner. Absent, however, is any attention to the underlying social forces. It is a fast paced, highly readable collection of vinegar-dipped sketches, as topical as a headline and of the same depth. Mr. Roe is critical of the Taft-Hartley Act, but briefly proposes a few familiar nostrums of his own to make the unions democratic.

On a level of more sober observation and analysis is C. Wright Mills's volume, "The New Men of Power." Together with Eli Ginzberg's recently published "The Labor Leader," it represents a contribution to a realistic literature of labor leaders and the institutions they operate. Although not surprising to the specialist, the findings disclosed by Dr. Mills's statistical approach and the use of polling techniques should illuminate for the public the composite portrait of the labor leader on many aspects, including social and geographical origin, age, income, political affiliation, attitude to business and to our social system.

Not satisfied with this performance, Dr. Mills presents a rather threadbare analysis of the current social and economic trend and a program for the independent, anti-Communist, anti-

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liberal Left, of which he apparently approves, which is a mishmash of guild socialism, anarcho-syndicalism, and other anti-statist Leftist cults. For its realization he depends on the coming depression and the alliance of the anti-statist Left intellectual with the labor leader. Amorphous and fragmentary as to its objectives and completely devoid of analysis of ways and means, this proposal flies in the face of the social forces of which Dr. Mills is well aware and of some of his own findings about the labor leader. This part constitutes an article of faith which detracts from an otherwise pragmatic study.

What Representative Hartley had in store for the nasty labor leaders is revealed in "Our New National Labor Policy," the "inside" story of "the greatest single contribution made by any political party for the past two decades." Don't get the idea that Mr. Hartley, who boasts of "the distinction of being the only member of the House on record as opposing the Wagner Act," is an enemy of organized labor. It's just that Mr. Hartley has been consumed with holy fervor to protect both workers and employers against grasping labor leaders and his "yardstick was the public interest." Except for brief comments on a few decisions of the National Labor Relations Board with which Mr. Hartley disagrees, there is little in the book to distract the reader from the cascading of homey, eternal economic and political verities which New Dealers and the labor leaders have constantly disregarded. Those who want exact information about its provisions will find the complete text of the statute at the end of the book.

Mr. Hartley is a forward-looking man. For the public's enlightenment Mr. Hartley outlines a short-term goal of what he would do unto labor over and above the statute of which he is co-author with Senator Taft. Has Mr. Hartley been converted to the evil New Deal doctrine of salvation by law? Not on your life. In the long run, say within twenty to twenty-five years, after the elaborate administrative machinery and regulations will have performed their ministrations, they should be dismantled and the Government should pull out of the field of labor relations, a process similar to—if Mr. Hartley will excuse the expression—the withering away of the Marxist state in the fulness of time. Those who enjoy reading the *Congressional Record* will find fascination in Mr. Hartley's opus.

Joseph Rosenfarb is author of "Freedom and the Administrative State," "The National Labor Policy," and other books.

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$10,000.00 JOB wanted by woman Ph D., now earning this amount with security, but ready for change. Experienced as book and periodical editor, executive national educational organization, college administration, public relations and speaking. Published author *books and national periodicals. Box 687-D.*

ANTIQUE HANDMADE Maple Sap buckets for your fireplace or rustic room. $7.50. Cherry Hill Trading Post, Stockbridge, Mass.

YOUNG LADY, European schooling, best social references, full of culture, but not affluent, desperate for room midtown, East side, Manhattan, N.Y.C. Box 688-D.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY wants evening, weekend *work, secretarial, research.* Box 689-D.

THE SUBLIME ISSUE of that new aesthetic quarterly The Tiger's Eye is ready now. Who wants to be astonished? Sublimity, a visitor of many, has come to *The Tiger's Eye from writers—Marguerite Young,* T. S. Eliot (his first new poem in an American magazine in who remembers how many years), Thomas Merton, Georges Bataille, John Malcolm Brinnin, E. L. Mayo, and on and on; from artists—Kurt Seligmann, *Robert Motherwell, Marc Chagall, Mark Rothko, Morris* Graves and on—oh it's an exceptional issue, even for The Tiger's Eye, of poetry, painting, essays and stories. Send $1. for a copy or $3.75 for a yearly subscription to 374 Bleecker St., N.Y.C. 14, or prod your bookdealer if he hasn't discovered it yet. It's the new discussable magazine.

COMPLETE SET OF LIFE MAGAZINE, 1936-1947, unbound $98.50, all odd numbers supplied. Box 690-D.

WANTED DEVOTEE OF RURAL LIFE, woman artist, desires share comfortable house, large studio, genuine interest in cooperative plan for making home. 75 miles from N.Y.C., 35 Philadelphia. Box 691-D.

IF YOU ARE A CULTURED, companionable young couple—paint, write, ski, will share, rent free, my *beautiful, comfortable Vermont home for Winter* months. Share housekeeping, heating, use of car, incidental expenses. Complete references, please. Box 692-D.

PHYSICIAN WITH LITERARY FLAIR desires writing assignments on medical topics; articles, ghostwriting, collaboration, reviewing, revision; fiction or fact. Box 408-D.

ORNERY, LAZY, shiftless male seeks epistles from vivacious, semi-mature female. Box 492-D.

CULTURED LADY, widely traveled, new Cadillac, motoring leisurely sunny U. S. with Arizona and California as goal desires agreeable, interesting lady or couple able to afford best accommodations, share expenses. Complete references, please. Box 693-D.

VACATIONS

HOPING FOR A HONEYMOON? Just hint a bit about the wonderful time you could have at LAKE PLACID'S *fabulous* HOTEL MARCY. *Write for free booklet.*

LOVERS OF PEACE AND QUIET come now to SEDGEFIELD INN, Greensboro, N.C., a resort hotel with the charm of old England, the ultra-modern appointments *of today's* U.S.A. Fine Cuisine, distinguished *clientele,* golf, tennis, riding. Low January rates. Write for descriptive folder S.

LOCUST GROVE FARM (an artist in the kitchen) Private lake for skating. Hopewell Junction, New York. N.Y.C. MUrray Hill 2-1625.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM *in America's oldest city.* ALENCIA HOTEL, St. Augustine, Florida.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. In*expensive. North Clove 2421.*

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY SUDBURY INN'S food, crowbar, country comfort. Write Bob Horton, Sudbury, Vermont.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 774

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

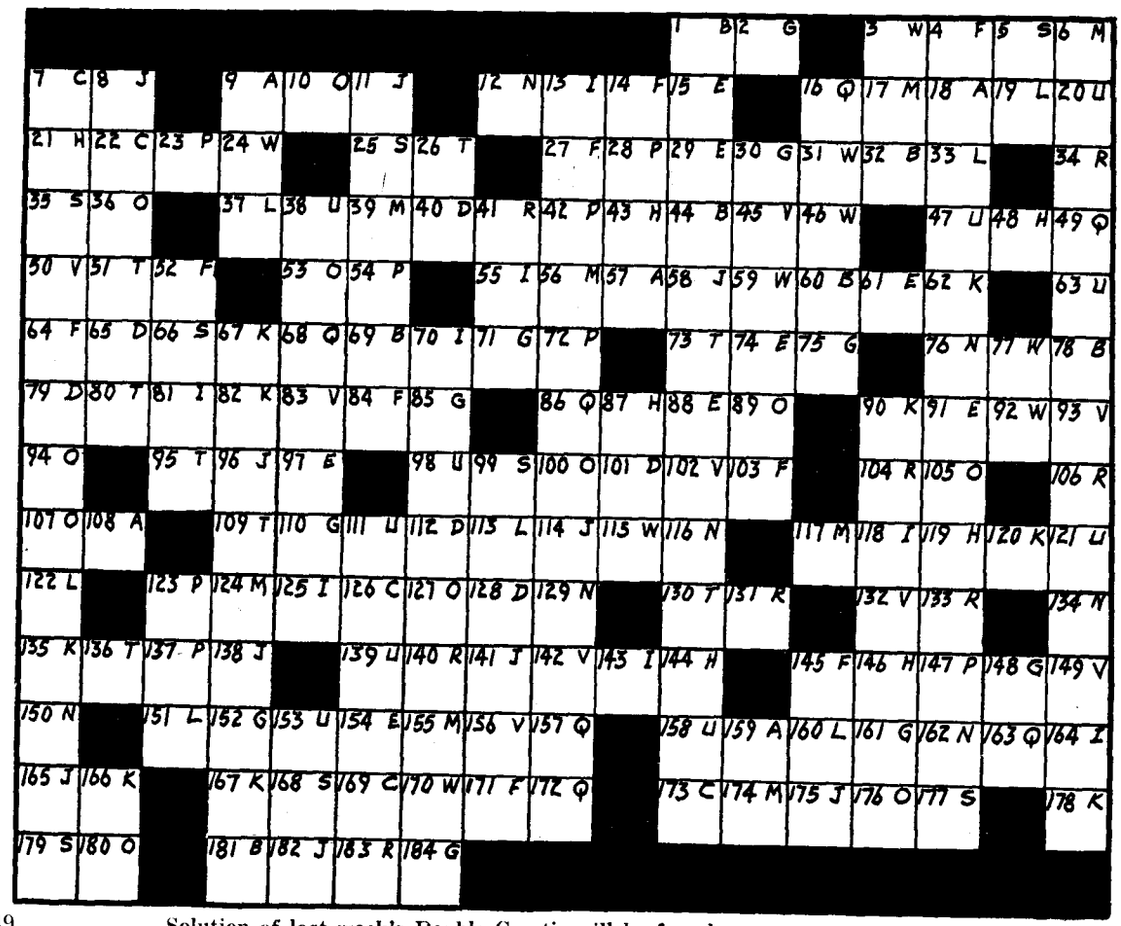
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Eighth letter of the Hebrew alphabet.	57 9 108 18 159
B. French cardinal and statesman (1802-61).	69 60 32 181 78 44 1
C. American playwright of younger group (1906-).	126 169 7 22 173
D. Common type of inflorescence, as of the lily of the valley, etc.	101 128 65 79 40 112
E. Name of family after which the cathedral church in Rome is named.	154 88 61 97 15 29 74 91
F. To free from blame.	52 64 145 84 14 4 27 103 171
G. Youthful vigor (2 wds.).	184 2 110 71 85 161 30 152 148 75
H. Son of Nephele, carried to Colchis on the ram with the golden fleece (Gr. myth.).	21 87 43 48 146 119 144
I. Too elevated or lofty.	81 13 70 143 118 55 164 125
J. A poor Caucasian of the South (2 wds.; U. S. colloq.).	182 96 114 138 175 141 8 165 11 58
K. Wanting confidence in oneself.	82 167 90 178 135 120 62 166 67
L. Fundamental or intrinsic being.	160 37 122 19 113 151 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Given to reserve in speech.	117 174 6 39 124 155 56 17
N. Presented for acceptance or rejection.	162 76 134 116 129 12 150
O. Gold (2 wds.; Danish myth.).	105 180 53 89 107 100 94 176 36 10 127
P. American journalist and author (1866-1936; "The Shame of the Cities").	137 72 23 147 54 42 28 123
Q. Frothed; fermented.	163 157 16 49 86 68 172
R. American historical and genre painter (1813-84; "Washington Crossing the Delaware," etc.).	41 183 34 106 133 131 104 140
S. One of a devoted pair of Pythagorean philosophers of the 4th cent. B.C. (correct sp.).	99 35 66 168 25 5 179 177
T. Skylight, or other device for throwing light downward (Fr.; comp.).	73 80 130 95 109 26 51 136
U. Emphatic personal pronoun.	47 38 139 20 158 121 153 111 63 98
V. Mercenaries.	132 83 149 142 93 102 45 156 50
W. Applied to any wildcat money (U. S. hist.; comp.).	31 170 115 92 59 3 24 77 46

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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"Once in a blue moon..."

THERE IS AN INSTINCT IN A PUBLISHER, a certain psychic feeling, when he comes across a book almost certain of tremendous success to say confidently, "That's it!" And he goes out and "bets his shirt"—both figuratively and literally.

To justify his faith, he compares his "sure thing" to other similar successful books. For example, when we published *A Guide to Confident Living*, we thought of the great popularity of *Peace of Mind;* our tremendous campaign for *The Miracle of the Bells* was based on the knowledge that there has been a large public for the inspirational and spiritual messages of such authors as Lloyd Douglas, Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter.

When we read the manuscript of Lajos Zilahy's *The Dukays*, we knew that here again was a book that everyone would soon be reading and raving about. Our first readers compared *The Dukays* to *The Magic Mountain;* later readers brought up the titles of two Robert Briffault novels, *Europa* and *Europa in Limbo;* another thought the book approached *War and Peace.**

No publisher can say—and escape ridicule—that he has a novel that is a combination of *The Magic Mountain, Europa* and *War and Peace.* But the Literary Guild, a completely impartial source, said everything we had wanted—but hesitated—to say. Here is their review:

"Once in a blue moon a book comes along which leaves the reader breathless by the sheer competence of its story telling. Here is one that has everything to commend it: it is honest, witty and wise, it is humorous yet tragic—with all the grandeur and brilliance of the pomp and physical propinquity of living history. Briefly it is the story of a fabulous family of the Hungarian aristocracy and the effect on their lives of the world-shattering events of the two World Wars. It is only fair to warn the reader that the book violates just about every tabu; although extremely frank and outspoken, subjects like frigidity and homosexuality are handled with such taste and perception that only the more squeamish could take offense. Despite all the splendor, there is a surprisingly tender love story which brings warmth and simplicity to a dazzling and colorful story."

Need we say more?

*Since then the Library Journal has also compared *The Dukays* to *The Remembrance of Things Past* and *Grey Lamb and Black Falcon.*

4 printings before publication
795 pages — $3.50
at your bookseller

The Dukays
by Lajos Zilahy

PRENTICE-HALL

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